THE LIVING AGE

VOLUME 314 — NUMBER 4076

AUGUST 19, 1922

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

BRITISH PREËLECTION MANŒUVRES

RUMOR has it that conservative interests in Great Britain are hastening to batten down the hatches of the Ship of State, foreseeing stormy weather ahead, in view of the prospect that the Labor Party may win the next general election. An amendment to the Trade-Union Act of 1913 has passed through its committee stage in the House of Commons. Its object is to prevent trade-unions from employing their funds for political purposes. This would restore the condition that prevailed between the Osborne court decision fifteen years ago and the passing of the law now in force, six years later.

The proposed amendment, while not definitely forbidding the trade-unions to employ their funds directly or indirectly for political purposes, makes it exceedingly difficult for them to collect levies for such objects, though union members would still be permitted to contribute voluntarily to Party funds. The Act may so hamper the Labor Party at the next election as to destroy its chance of conquering political power.

A second measure, rumored to have the same design as the amendment to the Trade-Union Act, is the proposed reform of the House of Lords. One recommendation is to add to the present hereditary and ex-officio membership 'members elected either directly or indirectly from the outside,' who shall serve for a definite term to be fixed by statute. The constitution of the Upper House would be slightly liberalized, but at the same time the power of the Lords to defend the existing constitution of their body, and to amend and reject bills, would be somewhat enlarged. The suggestion to admit elected members meets with vigorous opposition, one Noble Lord asserting: 'The hereditary principle is the only sound principle on which men can found any successful institution, whether it be a monarchy, a House of Lords, or a pack of foxhounds.'

Viscount Peel stated that the Second Chamber 'should be powerful enough, or confident and fearless enough, to oppose the House of Commons when it is convinced that the other House does not respect or turns away from the settled opinions of the people'; and Lord Selborne reminded his colleagues that under the present system 'this country could become a republic in two years . . . although the majority of the people of England should be against it.'

ADRIATIC AND BALKAN QUESTIONS

THE recent tension between Albania and Serbia is relaxing. Indeed, it is

Copyright 1922, by the Living Age Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reported that relations between these countries are now professedly amicable. France may be behind this change of attitude, which does not redound entirely to the advantage of Italy, either politically or commercially. Strengthened by Serbian backing, the Albanian Government has enacted a high tariff that practically excludes many imports from her trans-Adriatic neighbor. The new duties are reckoned in gold francs per hundred kilograms, and amount, in American currency, to $160 on woollen goods, $440 on silk goods, $40 on cotton prints and boots and shoes, and from $16 to $100 on macaroni, wines, canned goods, and provisions. Rumor also has it that France proposes to loan Albania seventy-five million francs, the principal and interest to be guaranteed by Yugoslavia.

An improvement in the relations between Serbia and Bulgaria is also reported in European papers. The Allied Commission has offered the latter country a three years' moratorium upon its reparation payments, on condition that it carries out certain internal reforms. It is even suggested that Bulgaria will also be given access to the sea. So long as Greece believes there is a chance of realizing her aspiration to possess Constantinople, little or nothing can be accomplished in this direction with her consent; but if Greek ambitions are eventually chastened by her military setback in Anatolia and the growing coolness of the Great Powers, some friendly understanding may be reached by which Bulgaria will be given a corridor to the Ægean, as a step toward a consolidation of Balkan interests by which even Greece would eventually profit.

However, Bulgaria's good relations with her neighbors are still threatened by the border forays of bands of Bulgarian outlaws. *Narodna Otbrana*, a Sofia military daily, protests that the Government lacks the means to break up and suppress these bandit activities. The Allies have limited Bulgaria's army to thirty-three thousand men, and have prohibited compulsory service. The war-weary peasants refuse to volunteer. At the end of a year of strenuous recruiting, less than eight thousand men have enlisted. This force is not sufficient to maintain order, especially along the mountainous and war-devastated frontier, much of which is heavily wooded country.

Professor Atanas Jarsanow, of Sofia, contributes an article to the *Prager Presse* upon the present economic and financial situation in Bulgaria. Since the Balkan Wars in 1912, manufacturing has increased, although the country still remains predominantly agricultural. This new tendency is changing the attitude of the people and the Government toward economic policies, and there is a growing interest in the development of mineral and timber resources, to which comparatively little attention has been paid hitherto. Tobacco has supplanted grain as the principal export crop, while the country's dependence on foreign countries for textiles, machinery, sugar, and spirits is less than formerly. In spite of drastic reductions in public expenditures, the budget still refuses to balance, the deficit amounting to seventy or eighty million leva for the coming year, plus extraordinary credits for railway construction and other development work, for maintaining the Allied Commissions,—which cost the country one hundred and forty-four million leva annually, — and for reparation payments.

*

EVACUATION OF SIBERIA

JAPAN'S decision to evacuate Siberia, — this time the decision seems to be a real one, — although made under moral duress, none the less required political

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

courage on the part of those who are putting it into effect. If the quotations from the Japanese press that have reached us accurately reflect public opinion in Japan, the measure is popular with the common people; but it nevertheless means loss of prestige to army men who can ill afford the sacrifice. The influence of the military clique has rested upon the nation's respect for tradition more than upon its endorsement of military policies.

Jiji says that the general feeling can only be one of regret that the withdrawal has been delayed so long; it should have occurred when America and the other Powers recalled their troops. All that Japan has reaped from the continued occupation is heavy taxes and the distrust of her Siberian neighbors.

Nichi Nichi considers that 'nothing is more natural than the withdrawal of Japan's troops from Siberia, where their presence is most unnatural.' The question now is, what will be the fate of Japanese residents in Siberia. They are hated by the Bolsheviki and also by the anti-Bolsheviki. 'A serious outlook confronts them.' If the Chita Government proves competent to protect the foreigners within its jurisdiction, to the degree that international law demands of every Government, the evacuation of Siberia will be 'a cause of unmixed joy to the Japanese nation.' Osaka *Asahi* recalls 'no blunder in the past foreign relations of the Empire so egregious' as the overdue detention of the expeditionary forces in Siberia.

*

CHINESE BOLSHEVIKI

According to the *North China Herald*, 'Trotzkiĭ, in the days when he sat at the Moscow end of the wireless and blared defiance to a whole world, was never more of a Bolshevik in theory than are his Chinese adherents to-day.' Not long ago a number of Bolshevist documents were laid before the Mixed Court at Shanghai. They included a handbill commemorating the recent seamen's strike, which was alluded to as 'one of the preliminary rumblings of a social revolution.' More significant, however, was the following programme of action: —

> Our methods of dealing with the capitalist government are to go on strike, to refuse to pay taxes and rents, and to resort to assassination, violence, and revolution. . . . You must remember that an increase of pay is not our only demand and to strike is not our only method. We want to demand the blessings of anarchy and communism. . . . If we laborers keep on fighting against this kind of government, it is bound to vanish from the face of the earth. Then an anarchic government will follow as a consequence.

*

ENGLISH BUILDERS IN MOSCOW

Colonel F. H. Cripps, the son of Lord Parmoor, is at the head of a rebuilding scheme for Moscow, under special charter of the Soviet Government. One structure has already been completed and others are under way. Hitherto this work seems to have been largely repairing and reconditioning dilapidated houses. It is estimated that 120,000 new tenements will be required to restore housing conditions in Moscow to the normal. Colonel Cripps thus explained his plan of operation to a representative of the *Westminster Gazette:* —

> I repair the building, and in return the Corporation gives me the complete lease of it for anything from eighteen to fifty years, according to the estimated cost. Available houses are so difficult to obtain that there is no difficulty in finding tenants. I have, as a matter of fact, been inundated with applications for offices and apartments. Such leases are being effected on a gold ruble basis, of course. Where the property is not owned by the Corporation, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

freehold is obtained from the owner. The only difficulty is that the owners are often difficult to trace. The workmen employed get, on an average, *5s.* for a full eight-hour day, and they work well.

❀

EUROPE'S 'INFERIOR CIVILIZATION'

THE *Servant of India* cites the two murders, of Sir Henry Wilson and of Walther Rathenau, as lurid evidences of the disintegration of civilization in Europe: —

They show how utterly impossible it is to go on for five years teaching that the only cure for all ills is wholesale killing, and then suddenly to expect, because somebody has signed a peace treaty, that people will discard the teaching hitherto so strenuously inculcated, as if the human mind were an electric current capable of being switched off and on at will. For five years men who maintained that killing opponents solves no problem were thrown into prison and held up to moral obloquy because of their conscientious objections; to-day it is the men who think that assassination does solve problems who evoke the detestation of the very same publicists who were loudest in their war propaganda.

❀

LORD BALFOUR'S FAREWELL TO THE COMMONS

THE new Earl of Balfour, at a farewell banquet on the occasion of his ceasing to be a member of the House of Commons, related many interesting reminiscences, and passed some notable judgments upon the men and parties with whom he had been associated during his long public career. Gladstone and Disraeli, whose names were on all men's lips and filled the newspapers of the day, 'are now almost forgotten, and doubtless the same destiny will follow their successors. It is not the individual, but the institution, that survives and makes the country great.'

Whatever our estimate of individual statesmen may be, the long succession falling within even a single man's memory, and the immemorial line of their predecessors, going back to remotest history, have in the aggregate made the British Empire what it is and the history of the House of Commons a wonderful history. We need not fear that the future will be less glorious than the past. The speaker concluded with this cheering note: —

For myself, I proclaim myself an optimist. All of us in this room, the youngest to the oldest, have recently lived through years — perhaps are still living through years — which may try their optimism to the utmost; but I beg them not to let it fail. We are not less capable of sustaining the burden of Empire than were our fathers before us. The task is one now of great difficulty. Problems of which they never dreamed, and of which we in our youth, even in our maturity, never dreamed — these problems seem to multiply upon us until those who endeavor to see their way through the immediate future are almost overwhelmed with the number and the magnitude of the questions with which they have to deal.

But let us not lose faith or courage. For my own part, my share in carrying on public business is inevitably near to its close, but I look forward with unflinching faith to the success of the labors of those who are going to follow the generation to which I belong and the generation which is to succeed that; for I know that they will not fall short of the example which we have endeavored to set them, and which our fathers before us set us. To be an optimist is to be a believer in youth. It is, after all, the young people who are going to do this work. Let us believe in them — I believe in them.

❀

ENGLAND'S TRAFFIC IN HONORS

WE recently referred to the resentment aroused in Great Britain by the last Honors list. Abuses in connection with the bestowing of titles were the occasion of a debate in the House of Lords that would rejoice the hearts of sensation-loving reporters in America.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Duke of Northumberland quoted what he alleged were the 'prices current' for titles.

The *Morning Post* states positively that knighthoods are getting fairly cheap, obtainable for ten thousand to twelve thousand pounds; baronetcies are somewhat dearer, running up to thirty thousand and forty thousand pounds. Its informant has seen the questionnaire required of the candidates. An editorial writer in *The Nation and the Athenæum* comments upon this: 'I recall a famous man of commerce, now dead, telling me that he had been pursued from one place to another by a tout for this form of business, who declared himself ready to negotiate a knighthood for seven thousand pounds.'

The *Outlook*, alluding to the same absorbing topic, relates that a large-hearted lady, seeking funds for a worthy charity, received a letter from an aspirant for a title in which that gentleman offered to contribute thirty thousand pounds for her cause if she would procure him a baronetcy. She thoughtlessly wrote to a Noble Lord in the Cabinet, explaining the offer, and asking him to get a baronetcy for the aspirant.

She received by return mail, as was right, and indeed inevitable, a severe lecture from the Noble Lord. Such champions take care never to soil their hands. She decided that she had been misinformed about the sale of Honors. Her respect for those who received them increased — until, on opening her morning paper some months later, she found her friend the aspirant gazetted, for distinguished public service, as a baronet! She did not get the thirty thousand pounds, and she wonders who did.

✽

INDIAN STEEL WORKS

A RECENT advertisement of the Tata Iron and Steel Company, announcing an issue of mortgage debenture stock to enable the Company to make extensions and increase its output, contains some interesting data regarding this enterprise. It is the only company manufacturing iron and steel in India. Since it was established in 1907, its capital stock has been increased from about a million and a half pounds sterling to over seven million pounds sterling. Its assets are nearly double its capital; it owns raw material sufficient to meet its projected output for over one hundred years. This includes nearly nine hundred million tons of coal, and two hundred million tons of ore, containing about 60 per cent of metal, in addition to dolomite, magnesite, and limestone. Its paid dividends ranged from 8 to 20 per cent a year since 1915, and in 1921 the Company was upon a 16 per cent basis.

The Company states that it has 'long-term contracts for the supply of steel rails and other steels to the Indian Government and many of the Indian railways, and of pig iron to Japan. . . . The recent imposition of a customs duty on imported steel in India at 10 per cent will ensure a still more favorable market in the future.'

✽

MINOR NOTES

DR. MIYOKE, editor of *Nihon Oyobi Nihonjin*, has recently printed an interesting review of Japanese journalism. The first daily paper was established in Japan fifty-two years ago. The author estimates that the benefits the country has received from the establishment of a public press bear to the evils that the press has produced about the ratio of three to two. Wonderful progress has been made in newspaper-publishing within ten years, so that papers of a decade ago look juvenile to the Japanese to-day. The early papers had no

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cable service and comparatively few feature articles. To-day some Japanese dailies have a circulation of three quarters of a million. While most of the great newspapers of Japan were founded to promote a cause, a theory, or the personal fortunes of some public man, under present conditions they must prove successful as commercial undertakings if they are to survive and wield influence. Newspapers are to-day run for profit primarily, and for ideals and personal ends only in a secondary sense. A generation ago college men seldom condescended to take up journalism. Now university graduates throng the editorial rooms of all the leading papers.

A NEW form of press control has appeared in Germany, where the manufacturers of print paper are dictating, even to leading German papers, what policy they shall pursue. Recently the *Kölnische Zeitung* published an article on the economic distress of the newspaper industry, in which there was an unfriendly reference to the paper trust. That journal received a letter from the paper syndicate, informing it that the syndicate proposed to refuse paper to any journal that adopted an attitude hostile to its business. A country newspaper printed in Sebnitz, which reprinted the article from the *Kölnische Zeitung*, received a similar letter, and was obliged to withdraw the offending article.

ACCORDING to Osaka *Asahi*, Japan has spent three hundred million dollars — six hundred million yen — upon the Siberian expedition. This, according to computation made by that journal, amounts to fifty thousand dollars for every Japanese in the territories occupied. Japanese settlers in Siberia have themselves petitioned in some instances for the withdrawal of the troops, apparently believing that they could transact business with the people of the country on a better basis without this protection than with it.

A PROHIBITION campaign has begun in Japan, where Parliament has recently enacted a law prohibiting the sale of liquor to minors.

THE German iron and steel industry is hampered by a shortage of both labor and coal, in face of a brisk demand for pig iron. Several furnaces are idle for want of coke, and English coal is regularly imported. This use of foreign fuel, in view of the unfavorable state of exchange, exposes the industries dependent upon it to disaster should a slump occur in the export market. Iron and steel are regularly quoted at higher prices to foreign than to domestic purchasers. The margin in case of pig iron as between Holland and inland deliveries was at latest reports 1440 marks a ton. Naturally this stimulates exports. On the other hand, the export tax and rising freight rates are influences in the opposite direction.

NEW ZEALAND'S birth rate is steadily declining. It dropped from 24 per 1000 in 1917 to 21 per 1000 in 1921. Before the war the rate was 26 per 1000; and thirty years ago it was 35 per 1000. Hard times and the housing shortage are supposed to account for part of the falling-off in marriages and births, although the ultimate causes are obviously of a more general character.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

D'ANNUNZIO AND THE COMING ITALY

BY RENÉ FÜLÖP MILLER

From the *Neue Freie Presse, July* 6
(VIENNA LIBERAL DAILY)

A SULTRY Sunday afternoon in May. We leave Florence in an automobile from the Cathedral Square, first passing wonderful palaces, then threading narrow streets until we reach the open country, where we wind our way between flower gardens and flower-dotted meadows up to Fiesole. At every turn of the road we catch a glimpse of a new ascent ahead, and are gratified by a broader view of the Tuscan landscape. The latter grows more majestic as we proceed.

Far beneath us, embosomed between the mountains, lies the city, with its Campanile dropping farther and farther away in the distance. It is an indescribably beautiful and dream-suggesting vision. Above us, in the principal square of the mountain village beyond, they are preparing for a festival. Hundreds of visitors have gathered in the Piazza Munio da Fiesole, and automobiles and carriages are constantly arriving. An unbroken procession of humbler citizens, soldiers, workingmen, people of every rank and class, women and children in their Sunday best, winds along every approaching path and byroad. It is like Confirmation Day, or as if a new church were being dedicated. All Florence seems to have made a pilgrimage hither to witness some great event. But the ancient Roman Amphitheatre of Fiesole is today the centre of attraction. There, under the open heavens, a play by D'Annunzio, the most popular poet of Italy, is to be presented.

No one who can possibly attend has failed to do so. Men have made pilgrimages hither, not only from the neighboring towns and villages, but even from Rome and more distant cities. A dense throng already clusters, like swarming bees, on the rising semicircle of seats of the ancient Amphitheatre, which is only a few steps from the public square. Thousands and thousands less fortunate than they are standing outside or seeking some neighboring height or other point of vantage from which to witness the presentation. This is the first time since the outbreak of the war that a play has been given here. That alone would make the event important. But a piece by D'Annunzio! That caps the climax. This popular pilgrimage is in his honor — in honor of the man to whom all, regardless of creed and party, look for Italy's regeneration.

Five o'clock approaches. A sudden silence settles over the throng that packs to capacity the stone seats of the Amphitheatre and covers the neighboring heights and hills. A trumpet sounds; the play begins. Nature's own hand has painted the stage scenery that forms the vivid yet dreamy background of the Amphitheatre. Yonder stretch the picturesque valleys of the Pratolino and the Mugno, gently embraced by graceful ranges of hills, with scattered cottages, blooming gardens, inviting vineyards, and flower-studded meadows.

Naturally the main action of the play occurs in the space immediately below the benches — a peasant's gar-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

den, surrounded with a semicircular hedge. The farm buildings and the Amphitheatre together form a circle. But we do not for a single moment receive the impression that the hedge round the peasant's yard bounds the scene of action. For the stage and the movement of the piece seem to embrace the whole surrounding country, with its heights and valleys, its gardens and pastures. The gestures and dialogues of the actors are only part of a greater whole; the peasant's yard and its immediate surroundings are only a fraction of a larger unity, of which we are constantly conscious as we watch the narrower stage below us.

We have but to lift our eyes while the play is in progress to see the everyday life of the peasants proceeding about us, on the neighboring slopes, in the distant fields, in the bypaths and highways, in the meadows and groves. Flocks are grazing peacefully, village bells are tinkling in the distance, dogs are barking in the orchards, people are moving about the distant cottages, a solemn procession winds up an approaching mountain-path. Just as it passes our peasant yard below, vespers are ringing, the sun is setting, and laborers are returning from the fields. On every side real life runs on as usual, undisturbed and undisturbing, in field and pasture, in gardens, in the valleys and on the heights. While the tragedy unrolls immediately before our eyes, our minds are conscious of these people following their ordinary pursuits around us, as a natural and harmonious framework for the whole.

This theatre, all of whose properties, decorations, background, and scenery are thus the handiwork of nature, whose supers are the country people engaged in their daily tasks, affects us as if we were watching from some high outlook the interweaving threads of human destiny working out their pattern before our eyes. There is a steady interplay between the drama and the normal life of the background. We feel that the actors have just dropped their tasks elsewhere before stepping upon the stage, and that they will return to them when their part is spoken. And indeed, as soon as a scene is over, those who appear in it do return, as they would in actual life, to their normal occupations. We see them going about their duties outside the drama itself; except that their visible or invisible presence continues to be part of the environment of the play. Consequently we never have the feeling that these men are acting — that they are playing parts which they lay aside as soon as they leave the stage. The illusion of reality is perfect.

The play by D'Annunzio that is given to-day seems to have been written for such a scene. It is a drama of common life — the tragedy of the daughter of Jorio, the peasant enchanter. It was written twenty years ago. D'Annunzio's admirers regard it as one of his greatest and most beautiful works. Presented in this natural setting, it is doubly impressive. The glorious melody of his words, the poignant pathos of his situations, the marvelous coloring of his scenes are impossible of description to one who is not a master of this fervent language. The treatment is simple, but strong and sure. The directness and logic of the plot compel attention from the first moment. But what impresses a foreign visitor even more than the masterly treatment of the theme, than its marvelous setting in this ancient Amphitheatre, than the wonderful melody of the language, is the indescribable effect upon the audience. Italians are always passionately responsive to poetic eloquence. But the thunders of applause that greet to-day's presentation are remarkable even for Italy.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At the very beginning of the piece there is lively cheering for D'Annunzio. Beautifully gowned women, expensively dressed gentlemen, common citizens, soldiers, workingmen, old and young people, and even little children holding their parents by the hands rise from their seats and shout with jubilant enthusiasm: *Evviva D'Annunzio!* And the people on the hills and summits around, and the countless throng in the public square, take up the shout like a mighty echo, until it resounds from all the hills above us: *Evviva D'Annunzio!* Thousands of hats and handkerchiefs wave in the air. The enthusiasm increases with every melodious sentence, with every new situation, until at last it culminates in an indescribable, incessant storm of applause, such as in other countries may now and then greet a revolutionary march, a masterpiece of political oratory in a great national crisis, or a trusted commander's call to battle. Here, however, we have only the pastoral play of a poet, the reciting of fair verses; and it is a play written twenty years ago!

A spectator witnessing this Sunday afternoon performance in the Fiesole Amphitheatre, and its reception by a public whose mighty enthusiasm rises ever higher until it culminates in this crisis of passionate exaltation, befitting great dramatic moments of history, must realize that this occasion is something more to these people than a literary event. To men from Western and Northern Europe, such intense emotion is almost incomprehensible. But here on the soil of Italy, where the spirit of perhaps the most wonderful era of self-expression in human memory — the spirit of the Renaissance — still lives, it seems natural and understandable. He who observes these people with a knowledge of their history and their psychology, realizes that poetry is a precious and important thing for them. D'Annunzio, with his magic mastery of verbal melody, knows better than any other man how to evoke the passionate soul of his fellow countrymen. The part he played at Fiume, his orders of the day, his speeches and appeals, were all poetry — the burning word-pictures of a poet — and the Italian nation felt this.

Professional politicians at Rome have, for the most part, adopted Western political methods. They pursue the colorless and humdrum tactics of the time. But the people who are making the Italy of the future follow the poet. Far higher than Monte Citorio and its professional politicians, towers that little country villa on Lake Garda, with its hermit tenant. And from Lake Garda many await the word of national salvation to save them from the savage and fratricidal struggle in which they are now engaged. Is that word to spell peace, or only to widen the chasm that divides the people — to embitter the hatreds that already corrode their hearts? Who knows? One thing is beyond doubt, however. D'Annunzio will strike the keynote of the melody to which the Italy of the future will march.

To-day the poet dwells in peaceful retirement on his lonely heights above Lake Garda. Rumors reach our ears occasionally that he is intimate with the Socialists; that leading Italian statesmen seek his counsel; that Chicherin has visited Garda to listen to the poet's words. His more intimate associates tell us that he is writing a new book that will state his political creed. Its title is to be *Il Uomo del Futuro*, 'The Man of the Future,' and it is to deal with the most burning problem of the present — the social question. For the romantic national hero of Fiumé has drawn closer to Socialist ideals in his retirement; and while his political interest has hitherto been centred upon the Italian

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

people as a whole, his present political creed concerns itself mainly with the Italy of workers and producers.

Such a development in D'Annunzio may at first sight seem peculiar. He, the very father of the Fascisti, to whom their movement owes its birth, whose Fiume adventure is regarded as their most glorious exploit, now turns his back upon this child of his heart, just when it is waging a desperate and bloody war against the Socialists. Aye, he even becomes himself a Socialist, and — who knows? — perhaps still closer to Lenin!

But that is only an apparent betrayal of his principles, only a seeming political inconsistency. His champions say that in truth D'Annunzio still preaches as steadfastly as ever fervent Italian Nationalism. But his Nationalism is too vital to become fixed and chilled in the inflexible moulds of Fascisti dogma. It is something living, ever developing into higher forms. He teaches that the very greatness of a national ideal lies in its capacity to evolve into something higher. Who can fail to see that a social conscience is stirring throughout the world? Who can deny the social awakening of the Italian worker? Italy cannot become great without solving the social question; and the corner stone of the coming Italy of a better age must rest in a union of national and social ideals.

D'Annunzio's new hymn is a hymn of praise to the Italian workingman. Not long ago the poet became a member of the union of *Lavoratori di Mare*, Italy's Seamen's Federation. We are told that the working people love him fanatically and almost deify him, because no one comprehends their aspirations so well as he does. He is their best brother and friend. They trust and believe in him. Lenin has sent him a telegram of friendly greeting, calling him the greatest Italian revolutionist. Chicherin made the pilgrimage we mention from Genoa to listen to his words. The leaders of the moderate and conservative workers' organizations are equally convinced that he is their friend.

And the Fascisti, whom at first glance he may seem to have deserted — what is their attitude? We note something in their case that can be explained only by the extraordinary and overwhelming attraction of a great personality. The Fascisti, in the very midst of their bitter feud with the Socialists, in the height of a struggle that takes its toll of human sacrifice almost daily, cherish only admiration and loyalty for D'Annunzio, even when he sides with their mortal enemy. They acknowledge an eternal debt of gratitude to him for Fiume. They trust blindly in his ardent patriotism, even though he may be a Socialist or a Communist. One must observe the attitude of both parties on some occasion like this festal play at Fiesole; one must be actually present at such an exhibition of emotion to recognize and comprehend fully the unique position and significance of this man.

When the play was over, a great group of workingmen rose among the bright ranks of spectators to applaud him with their horny hands. That was the special ovation of the working people. Hardly had this ended, when in another part of the audience a group of men and youths in black shirts stood up. One of them lifted his hands, and instantly there thundered from hundreds of throats: *Eia, Eia, Elala!* That is the battle cry of the Fascisti — a battle cry that D'Annunzio himself gave his soldiers, and that the Fascisti adopted later as their own. Then they sang in marching time their war song: *Per D'Annunzio e Mussolini, Eia, Eia, Elala!* This Fascisti demonstration was their reply to the Socialist demonstration; and together they represented a remarkable thrust and counter thrust.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Long after the play had ended we lingered in the Amphitheatre. The men on the neighboring heights and hills were still cheering D'Annunzio. On one side we could hear *Evviva D'Annunzio;* on the other side, *Eia Eia, Elala.* Dusk was already falling; twilight slowly deepened into darkness; the first stars glimmered above. Slowly we made our way toward Florence. All along the road we continued to hear *Evviva* and *Eia, Eia.* These cries were echoed from many a distant highway. It was like a great call out of the darkness from the Italian people, divided among themselves and drifting without a pilot. It was as if they were calling to the guide who should lead them out of their present darkness into the light beyond. The present ferment and chaos in Italy are striving toward form. Only a great leader, a great personality, can set the pattern it shall take. Is D'Annunzio to be that pilot, that designer, or will he merely lead his country into a new romantic adventure?

MY LAST STAND AGAINST THE BOLSHEVIKI

BY ALEXANDR FEODOROVICH KERENSKII

[*This account of the last phases of the struggle that brought the Bolsheviki into power in Russia, by the head of the first Revolutionary Government, deserves permanent preservation as an historical document. A Bolshevist account of the incidents here described was published in the* Living Age *of February* 11, 1922.]

From *Sovremennyia Zapiski, February*
(Paris Socialist-Revolutionary Political and Literary Review)

The last act in the struggle of the Provisional Revolutionary Government of Russia with the Bolsheviki and with the reactionaries occurred between October 24 and November 1, 1917. Let me especially emphasize that we fought on two fronts. There was an indubitable connection between the Bolshevist uprising and the attempt of the reactionaries to depose the Revolutionary Government.

After General Kornilov's attempt to overthrow the existing Government by an armed revolt, — an attempt that proved equally unhappy for the plotters and for the State, — the men who supported military reaction decided not to assist the authorities if they came into conflict with the Bolshieviki. They planned to let the Bolsheviki get the upper hand, and then quickly to suppress them. The military and civil strategists responsible for this plan believed firmly that the Bolsheviki were not a serious danger, and that in three or four weeks the sensible people of the country would deal sternly with the unruly mob they represented and set up 'a strong Government.' Unhappily they were only too successful in the first part of their plan, of letting the Bolsheviki overthrow the Provisional Government; but they failed utterly in the second part, of crushing the Bolsheviki after the latter seized power.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

About October 20 the Bolsheviki began to put into effect their plan of an armed uprising to overthrow the Provisional Government for the sake of 'peace, bread, and an immediate election of a Constituent Assembly.' . . . I ordered troops from the front to Petrograd, the first detachments of which should have reached the capital on October 24. At the same time, I directed Colonel Polkovnikov, commander of the troops in the Petrograd district, to work out a plan for suppressing the uprising. . . . Each morning he reported to me and stated that he had 'sufficient' troops to crush it when it occurred.

The members of the Government learned too late that Polkovnikov and part of his staff were playing a double game, and belonged to that group of army officers who planned to overthrow the Provisional Government by means of the Bolsheviki.

Meanwhile the Bolsheviki, having established themselves in the Smol'nyi Institute, ready for the last attack, were insisting that the likelihood of 'a Bolshevist uprising' existed only in the imagination of that 'counter-revolutionist and enemy of the people' — Kerenskii. Knowing perfectly the psychology of their opponents, the Bolsheviki thus gained their end. They acted with great energy and cleverness. While the uprising was in progress and the Red troops were active throughout the city, certain Bolshevist leaders, especially appointed for the purpose, attempted, not without success, to induce the representatives of the revolutionary democracy to look without seeing and to listen without hearing. From dark till dawn, these clever people discussed with their opponents various plans for a peaceful settlement of the uprising. By these 'negotiations' the Bolsheviki gained much time, while the military forces of the Socialist-Revolutionists and Mensheviks were kept from being mobilized.

The uprising of the Bolsheviki spread with incredible speed. Armed detachments of their troops rapidly surrounded the Winter Palace, which was the seat of the Provisional Government. . . .

After a conference of the members of the Government, the commander of our troops, Colonel Polkovnikov, came to me and proposed that we capture the Smol'nyi Institute, where the headquarters of Lenin and his staff were located. I ordered that this be done immediately. I felt that Colonel Polkovnikov behaved strangely and ambiguously. . . . It was quite clear to me that his reports for the last ten or twelve days regarding the morale of the troops and their readiness to fight the Bolsheviki were without foundation. . . .

Accompanied by my adjutants, I went to staff headquarters, which was filled with officers of all ranks and units. Among them I observed a number of unknown men in civilian dress, nosing around inquisitively. . . . It was necessary to gather around me as quickly as possible, even though it was the last hour, all who were still true to their duty, and to take into my own hands the supreme command, until fresh troops arrived from the front and the Government forces in the capital itself could be reorganized. . . . By telephone I ordered all those to me whose presence seemed needed, and I also decided to call up the party organizations, especially those of the Socialist-Revolutionists.

The long hours of that night crept past painfully. We were waiting for reënforcements from all directions, which, however, never came. Endless negotiations were going on by telephone with the Cossack regiments. Upon various pretexts, the Cossacks re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mained in their barracks, though continually assuring us that in a few minutes they would 'clear matters up' and 'mount their horses.' On the other hand, the Socialist-Revolutionist Party's militant organizations did not report at staff headquarters, and remained entirely inactive. This mysterious fact, as it seemed at the time, was soon to be explained. The party's central organizations were engaged in endless negotiations with the Bolsheviki at Smol'nyi Institute, trusting to 'written resolutions' instead of bayonets. The Bolsheviki acted with resolution and energy; the reactionaries furthered a Bolshevist triumph in every possible way; while supporters of the Provisional Government nursed an inexplainable fatalist belief that everything would 'straighten itself out,' and that there was no cause to be alarmed and resort to heroic measures to save the situation.

Meanwhile the night dragged on. As morning neared, the atmosphere at staff headquarters grew tenser. . . . One of the officers present, a man devoted to his duty, came to me and said that he was unable to give any other name than treason to what was going on. And in truth many officers at headquarters conducted themselves most unworthily toward the Government, and particularly toward me. I later learned that, upon the initiative of Colonel Polkovnikov, they were discussing my arrest. First they spoke of this in whispers, but toward morning they began to talk of it aloud, disregarding the presence of 'strangers.' A mad idea then took hold of many, that it would be easier to beat the Bolsheviki without Kerenskii, and then establish a strong Government. . . .

About seven o'clock, after repeating my order for reënforcements from the front, and without waiting for the Cossacks, who were still 'mounting their horses,' Konovalov and I, both discouraged by our experience at headquarters during the night, and dead tired, returned to the Winter Palace to snatch a few moments' sleep. Upon reaching my rooms, I planned to collect my letters and documents and to send them away for safe-keeping; but it occurred to me that this might make a bad impression upon the people in the palace, so I changed my mind. This explains how all my papers, some of them of considerable interest, were taken by the Bolsheviki the next night. . . .

Fully dressed, I lay down upon a divan in my office. I could not sleep. I lay with open eyes as if in a trance. In about an hour an officer entered to report that the Bolsheviki had captured the central telephone-office, that all our palace wires connecting with the city had been cut, that the palace bridge, beneath the windows of my room, was held by the Bolsheviki, that the square before the palace was empty, and that the Cossacks were nowhere to be seen.

Both Konovalov and I, with our adjutant, rushed to staff headquarters. During the two hours of our absence nothing had changed there; but certain parts of our armored cars had mysteriously disappeared. This rendered them about as effective for defense as sprinkling carts. . . . We had no information as to the movement of the reënforcements ordered from the front, though they should by this time have reached Gatchina. Panic broke out. The building occupied by the staff, which was overcrowded the day before, became deserted. . . .

There remained only one thing for me to do — to meet as soon as possible the reënforcements at Gatchina and to push on with them to Petrograd despite all difficulties. I decided to break through the guard the Bolsheviki had drawn up and to meet in person the oncoming reënforcements. This, as well

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as the ride through the city, must be done in broad daylight. I ordered that my powerful open roadster be in readiness. My soldier-chauffeur was a brave fellow, devoted to me. . . .

Somehow the Allies' diplomats had learned that I wanted to leave the capital. Representatives of the English and American embassies came to me and proposed that one of their cars, under the American flag, accompany me. Although it was more than obvious to me that in case of my failure to break through the Bolshevist lines even the American flag would not save me, — that, on the contrary, it would attract attention to us, — I accepted the proposal with thanks as a mark of courtesy on the part of the Allies toward the Russian Government and an expression of their solidarity with it. . . .

We reached Gatchina without any mishap and hastened to the commander of the palace. . . . Here we learned to our consternation that there were no reënforcements and that nobody had heard of them. We decided to dash on to Luga, and if need be to Pskov. But before continuing our journey we remained a short time at the quarters of the commander, to warm ourselves and to drink a glass of tea while our cars were being overhauled.

I noticed, as soon as we stepped into the commander's office, that his behavior was very strange. He talked in an exceedingly loud voice, and stayed near a door opening into other rooms, from which soldiers were attentively eying us. Obeying some inner voice, I ordered that our cars be made ready at once, and without drinking tea we took to the road. Before leaving, however, I sent the car under the American flag into a garage for reserve supplies of gasoline and tires.

We left just in time. Five minutes after our departure, a car bearing red flags dashed into the yard of the palace. It carried members of the War-Revolutionary Committee, speeding to arrest me. This shows that there were traitors at Petrograd staff headquarters who informed the men at Smol'nyi Institute of my departure for Gatchina; the latter had ordered our arrest without delay.

We left Gatchina with no difficulty. But the car that we sent for supplies got into trouble. It passed two Red Guard posts, but was caught by the fire of the third; one bullet punctured a tire and another wounded the chauffeur in the hand, while my officer with the American flag in his hand jumped off the car and ran into the woods. We learned of this the following day, when we returned from the front to Gatchina. . . .

It is hardly worth while to describe our mad rush as far as Pskov in search of the vanished reënforcements. . . . In Pskov we learned that the Bolshevist War-Revolutionary Committee was already in control there, and had received from Petrograd an order for my arrest. In addition, we learned something worse: namely, that General Cheremisov, Commander-in-Chief, was making overtures to the Revolutionary Committee, and that he would not send troops to Petrograd, holding such an expedition to be useless, even harmful.

I soon ordered the commander to come to me. A strained explanation ensued. The General acknowledged that he did not intend to cast his lot with the 'doomed' Government. Besides, he said, he had no troops he could spare from the front. He also reported that he had recalled his order, based upon my request from Petrograd, to send reenforcements to the capital. 'Did you see General Krasnov, and is he of the same opinion as you?' I asked. 'General Krasnov is on his way here from Ostrov,' he answered. 'Send him to me at once, General!' 'As you command!'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He left, saying that he was going to the meeting of the War-Revolutionary Committee, at which the attitude and morale of the local troops would be discussed, and that then he would return to report to me. This cunning, able, selfish man, so forgetful of his duty, left on me an impression of disgust. Later I learned that he not only went to the meeting of the War-Revolutionary Committee, but he also suggested to the Commander-in-Chief of the Western Front, General Baluev, that he should not help the Government.

The minutes of General Cheremisov's absence seemed endlessly long, and yet each minute was precious, for any delay might result in disaster in Petrograd. It was eleven o'clock at night. We in Pskov could not know that the Winter Palace there was being bombed and attacked by the Bolsheviki. Not until about one o'clock in the morning did Cheremisov come, to declare that he could not give any assistance to the Government. If I were still convinced that resistance was possible, I might proceed to Mogilev. My arrest, if I remained in Pskov, was inevitable. But in speaking of Mogilev, where the headquarters of the Commander-in-Chief of all the Russian armies were located, General Cheremisov did not report to me that the Chief-of-Staff, General Dukhonin, had twice tried to get into direct communication with me; and that on both occasions he had refused him without consulting me. 'Where is Krasnov?' I asked. 'He was here, but has already left for Ostrov.' . . . I decided to go there, and, if I found no help there, to continue to Mogilev. . . .

While waiting for my car, I lay down to rest for a moment. In the stillness of the night it seemed that I heard the seconds rushing by, and the thought that each moment lost might spell disaster was simply unbearable. Never before had I hated so much this empty rush of time, on and on, always on. . . . Suddenly the doorbell rang! General Krasnov with his Chief-of-Staff wanted to see me. Instead of going to Ostrov, he had decided to look me up in Pskov. . . .

Late at night we arrived at Ostrov. . . . A march upon Petrograd was ordered. We did not know then that the Government, to the assistance of which we were hastening, was already in the hands of the Bolsheviki, and that the Ministers themselves were imprisoned in the fortress of Peter and Paul. . . .

About ten o'clock in the morning came information from the station that the troop trains were ready. Our automobiles were convoyed to the station by the Cossacks, accompanied by the roars and threats of unruly soldiery. At the station fresh difficulties awaited us. Pskov, upon various pretexts, refused to give us the right of way, in order to paralyze our efforts. Only my own presence with the troops helped to overcome the difficulties. After considerable delay, we finally moved, our military force consisting of five hundred or six hundred Cossacks and several field guns. With such a 'force' we planned to break through to Petrograd, without waiting for reënforcements and without stopping anywhere. I think now that this was a blunder. If, on the morning of the twenty-sixth, I had known of the capture of the Provisional Government by the Bolsheviki, I should not have decided on such a risky plan. Its main fault lay in the fact that, in pushing ahead and breaking through all barriers to Petrograd, we left behind us dangerous, strategic places in the hands of forces hostile to the Government, and lost all connection with the rear, from which we had to receive reenforcements. . . .

On the twenty-seventh we neared Gatchina, which was already officially

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the hands of the Bolsheviki . . . and we decided to attack their superior forces at once. . . . We had complete success, with no losses. The Bolshevist troops fled, leaving behind their ammunition. . . .

From Gatchina we attacked Tsarskoe Selo. During the operations I went to the front and met General Krasnov. When he reported to me, his attitude seemed to be different from what it had been, and among other things he asked me not to remain on the battle ground, explaining that my presence might hinder the operations and make the troops nervous or otherwise be undesirable. This seemed to me strange, incomprehensible . . . until I noticed that he was accompanied by a number of very well-known men from the Cossacks' Soviet. I now understood the General's behavior and the change in his tone. After my meeting with General Krasnov, Savinkov came to me.

Savinkov — in my army and as a delegate from the Cossack troops! His appearance clarified the situation to me like lightning. I declined to talk with him, and he left. . . . I returned to Gatchina, hoping to find fresh troops there; but instead of troops I found telegrams, informing us of approaching reenforcements. About fifty trains filled with troops from various points were moving toward Gatchina. But they were too late, for the battle between our troops and the Bolshevist troops was already in progress at Pulkovo. It ended in our favor, but we were unable to pursue the defeated enemy. General Krasnov ordered a retreat to Gatchina. Perhaps from a military point of view this step was correct, at least reasonable. But under the constantly shifting and wavering political conditions of that period, it caused the disintegration of the Government forces — it was the beginning of the end! . . .

Late at night I remained with two youthful adjutants in my room. Now I could think about our own destiny. We already felt that we were nearing the inevitable end. . . .

The next day Savinkov came to me with a document. This stated that its bearer, Boris Savinkov, was appointed by the Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief to proceed to general staff headquarters to hasten the sending of reënforcements. 'Sign the paper, Alexandr Feodorovich; I want to go!' 'Go if you want,' said I, signing the paper. He felt that I understood his real motive. . . .

The night of October 1 was at hand. There was no news from Petrograd. The long, obscure, gloomy halls of the Paul Palace were crowded with agitated, malignant men. In that atmosphere, poisoned by fear, monstrous, impossible rumors multiplied. Everywhere one heard whispers: if the Cossacks surrender Kerenskii they will be left free to go back to their native Don country. The temptation was great. Thoughts of treason were lurking in every mind, and rapidly ripening into action. The long autumn night seemed never to end. The minutes seemed hours. The rats were leaving the sinking ship. In my rooms, which were full of people yesterday, there was now not a soul except ourselves. There the stillness and the quietude of death reigned supreme. We were alone — only a few of us. We had been inseparable, bound by our common lot during the past months. No one hindered us now in the night's stillness from thinking about the future. At dawn, having destroyed all my papers and letters that I could not leave in strange hands, I lay down upon the bed and slumbered. A single hope remained: would reënforcements come?

About ten o'clock in the morning I was awakened. Cossack delegates sent to negotiate with the Bolshevist sailors

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had returned with the latter's demand that they surrender Kerenskii unconditionally — and the Cossacks were ready to accept. . . .

What now? It was impossible to leave the palace. Paul I built it with only *one* entrance and exit, and this was already held by the sailors and Cossacks. How was I to escape from this blind alley, to spring out of this trap? There was an elderly caretaker of the palace who knew of a secret underground exit leading into the park behind the walls of the palace-fortress. But to reach this secret tunnel we should have to wait for darkness. Meanwhile we decided to remain in our rooms and not to surrender alive. If the sailors and Cossacks broke into our front rooms, we determined to do away with ourselves in the back rooms. . . .

Time was passing. We waited. Below, haggling was going on. Suddenly a pale and agitated soldier hurried to us with the news that the deal was closed. The Cossacks had bought their freedom — the right to go home with their arms — and for only a single life! The enemies of yesterday's battle had in a friendly way elected a mixed commission to arrest me and turn me over to the Bolsheviki. Any minute the sailors and Cossacks might break in.

What was the rôle of General Krasnov in this affair? In the archives of the Commander-in-Chief of all the Russian armies there is a short, clear answer to this question. On November 1, General Dukhonin received from Krasnov a telegram: 'Ordered his (Kerenskii's) arrest, but he escaped.'[1]

[1] Here I (Kerenskii) should like to quote the memoirs of General Krasnov, published in the *Archives of the Russian Revolution*, Vol. I, pp. 173–4:—

I went to Kerenskii. I found him deadly pale, in the farthest room of his quarters. I told him that the time was at hand to leave. The square before the palace was full of sailors and Cossacks, but the palace has other (?!) exits. I told him that the guard was only at the front entrance. 'No matter how great is your guilt before Russia,' I told him, 'I do not consider myself able to judge you. I guarantee you half an hour.' Leaving Kerenskii, I made such arrangements, through reliable Cossacks, that the organization of the guard was delayed. When it was ready and entered the rooms of Kerenskii, he was gone.

All this is tommyrot and pure imagination. Not to speak of the above-quoted telegram, the author of the above legend is betrayed by the 'other exits,' which really do not exist, with the exception of the secret one, which was not known to anyone except a single palace employee, and the use of which was not possible in daylight.

The agreement between the sailors and Cossacks, it seemed, had sealed my fate. But — a true miracle happened!

I left the palace ten minutes before the traitors broke into my rooms. One minute before I left I did not know that I could go. Dressed absurdly, I passed under the noses of my enemies and the traitors. I was still unconcernedly walking the streets of Gatchina while the search for me was in progress. I walked with those who saved me, whom I never knew before, whom I saw now for the first time in my life. During those few minutes these people showed incomparable bravery, devotion, and self-sacrifice. When I was speeding away from Gatchina in a car, toward it were rushing trains with reënforcements for us. What jokes fate plays!

This brilliantly concluded the first move of the cleverly conceived strategy of the 'patriotic' reactionary element. The Provisional Government was overthrown by the Bolsheviki and its hated head disposed of. It remained for them to fulfill the second part — to settle with the Bolsheviki and to set up a sound, national, and above all a 'strong' Government. . . . This was to take three weeks: but these three weeks proved to be eternal!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TAXES AND FORCED LOANS IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

BY G. BOURGIN

[*Europe draws a tepid comfort in its present financial maladies from the thought that this is not the first time that such afflictions have visited Western countries. The following article is part of a chapter entitled 'Economic and Social Development during the Revolution' from the author's work,* The French Revolution, *which is to be published this year as the seventh volume of a* History of the World, *edited by Ludo Moritz Hartmann.*]

From the *Frankfurter Zeitung, July* 4
(LIBERAL DAILY)

IN France ordinary credit operations were thrown into as much confusion as other branches of business by the revolutionary crisis. Money-lenders profited by the same conditions from which merchants, who often were likewise bankers and stockbrokers, reaped golden harvests. The mercantile classes made heavy gains from the premium upon metallic currency; they evaded the laws making the acceptance of the assignats or revolutionary paper-currency compulsory; and they, individually or in groups, kept mercantile credit entirely in their hands. It is not surprising that the Convention trled to get at people who were thus turning the public distress to their private profit. On April 21, 1793, that body abolished the Discount Bank, the life-insurance companies, and all joint-stock companies of whatsoever character. On June 27, 1793, it also closed until further notice the Paris Stock Exchange. More than a year later, on October 8, 1794, this decree was revised to make it still more difficult of evasion, by prohibiting 'any banker, merchant, or other person whatsoever from establishing or promoting an enterprise of this character, no matter in what form or under what pretext.'

The hostility against the banks that was aroused in the Convention by the scheming plots of some of its more cosmopolitan agents ceased with the sudden turn of affairs the following year. In the summer of 1794 the Paris Exchange was again opened and the Convention's Committees upon Finance and Public Welfare took into consideration reëstablishing commercial exchanges throughout France. Toward the end of the Revolution, French bankers were in such a strong position that Bonaparte planned to unite them into a single great public corporation, The Bank of France.

Although stock-exchange manipulations helped to depress the value of the assignats, many other influences worked in this direction. Among the latter were the impractical theories of the revolutionary statesmen, who imagined that the Government could create values by a simple edict, and by merely printing paper tokens conjure up credit and wealth as with a wave of the wand. The general public, whose confidence in its new leaders had already been seriously shaken by the events of the Revolution, placed no trust in these wild ideas. Both the public loans that Necker tried to float in 1789 were fail-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ures. The 'patriotic tax,' which the same financial minister put through in October of the same year, rose to one fourth the total income of the taxpayer and was to be collected from all citizens having an annual income of more than 400 livres; but instead of strengthening the Government's credit, it did precisely the reverse. Taxes that were levied to save the People's Government from 'calamitous bankruptcy' produced little or nothing.

Since it was impossible to raise funds upon the public credit, the Convention found itself forced, in the darkest days of the Revolution, to take refuge in exceptional measures that contradicted the very economic principles for which the Revolution stood. These measures may be characterized without exaggeration as financial terrorism. Some local bodies and departments had already conceived the idea of 'making the rich pay.' On the tenth of May, 1793, Cambon sought to carry out this idea by laying a levy, a 'citizens' loan,' of a billion livres upon the 'self-seeking and apathetic classes.' This loan was authorized against the violent opposition of the Girondists.

A state tax was levied upon married men having an income exceeding 10,000 livres and unmarried men whose income exceeded 6000 livres. When it was discovered that this tax would not yield more than 200 million livres, the exemption was lowered to include all persons receiving more than 1000 livres. The forced loan amounted to one tenth of the property of those possessing small estates, rising to one half the property of those whose income equaled or exceeded 9000 livres. In order to accelerate the raising of this loan, it was provided that if it were not voluntarily subscribed before the end of the current year, it should become a tax and no longer be repayable. So confident was the Convention that this loan would succeed, that it proposed to redeem one third of the assignats early in 1794.

So great were the evasions and delays practised by those subject to this contribution, that men soon saw it would prove a failure. Only by great efforts was one fifth of the billion livres demanded collected. Furthermore, as soon as the Reign of Terror was over, thousands of taxpayers promptly presented petitions asking for a radical reduction in their assessments.

In spite of these failures, the Directory, when it came into power, resorted to the same devices. Late in the autumn of 1798 it authorized a tax 'upon the well-to-do,' to be collected only from that fourth of the taxpayers in each department that paid the highest rates. A compulsory loan of 600 million livres was authorized, payable in cash, or in grain at the price in 1790, or in current assignats at one per cent of their par value. Sixteen classes of taxpayers were defined who were obligated to become subscribers. These were to include all who 'since the Revolution have rapidly acquired great wealth, either from Government contracts or from private contracts and commercial enterprises.'

The loan quotas were graded from 50 livres to 6000 livres, and later to 25,000 livres. They were payable in three installments and were to bear no interest. The Government paid back the par value of the loan by remitting the subscriber's future direct taxes up to that amount. This loan was no more successful than that of 1793. The contributors paid slowly, and mostly in assignats, and the very wealthy were able to evade paying their full share. Still another and even less successful forced loan was levied the following year. It was designed to raise 100 million livres and actually produced between six and seven million.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thus, none of the three revolutionary loans succeeded, partly because men distrusted the Government, and partly because the wealthier classes were able to evade the provisions of the law, in spite of the elaborate machinery created for its enforcement. When Napoleon became consul, he had to recreate the public credit. However, the Convention and the Directory had cleared the way for a better era and thus greatly lightened his task.

In 1793 the Convention called for a report upon the public debt. Prior to that time the loans of the Kingdom and the Republic had not been systematically summarized and recorded. Therefore a general balance was drawn in order to learn the total obligations of the Government and likewise to conciliate and win over to the Republic certain Royalist creditors who were eager for a restoration of the Monarchy.

At that time the French Government owed more than six and one half billion livres. In order to simplify future accounting, the name of every creditor of the Government was entered into a great book, together with the amount of interest annually due him. The principal was not recorded. After January 1, 1794, this book entry became the sole valid title to such claims against the Treasury. Transcripts of these records, known as *Titres de Rentes*, were issued, which took the place of all earlier documentary evidences of the national debt, and rendered them worthless. The total interest due the nation's creditors was about 188 million livres annually, less some 10 million livres deducted for the 15 per cent tax upon *rentes*.

This legislation, though in part subsequently repealed, laid the foundation for the present method of handling public obligations in France. From April, 1790, until February, 1796, interest was paid in the depreciated paper-currency reckoned at par. After the latter date the Government's notes were calculated at their true value. Although it was provided at one time that one fourth the interest should be paid in coin, the state of the Treasury rendered this impossible. A subsequent law arbitrarily converted two thirds of the permanent public debt into life annuities.

POEM FROM THE 'KOKINSHU'

TRANSLATED BY T. WAKAMEDA

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

How silly a thing art thou,
Darkness of vernal night!
Thou keep'st out of my sight
The fair Plum-blossom's brow,
Yet canst not wrap and sheathe
The sweet smell her lips breathe.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PUNCH AND JUDY

BY MAURICE BARING

[*Maurice Baring is a poet, essayist, and traveler who has written extensively upon Russian literature. The article that follows is the substance of a paper read before the Newman Society at Oxford.*]

From the *London Mercury, July*
(LITERARY MONTHLY)

'RACINE,' said Madame de Sévigné, in one of her letters, '*passera comme le café.*' She said this because she thought Racine was a newfangled person, a kind of Cubist, and she was being loyal to Corneille. She will no doubt be ultimately right. A day will come when there will be no more Racine and no more coffee, only an *Ersatz* for each. But relatively she was wrong. She thought Racine and coffee belonged to that category of heresies of which a living poet has said: 'The wind has blown them all away.'

Nevertheless, when you hear a statement of that kind made by a person of intelligence, such as Madame de Sévigné, you cannot help feeling a little bit alarmed.

I remember, when I was a small child, feeling a cold chill come over me when I heard my father say that nearly all the most characteristic and seemingly permanent of the street denizens of London, which he remembered, had vanished, except the muffin man, who seemed to have elements of eternity about him, and that even Punch and Judy would pass away.

For all practical purposes the Punch and Judy show has almost passed away. Almost, but not quite. A few weeks ago, outside Harrods' Stores, I saw a performance of Punch and Judy. The Panpipes played; Toby barked; Punch's high falsetto rang through the fog; Judy's querulous remonstrances were quickly smothered; and the drama marched, from logical step to logical step, to its tragic and inevitable close. Punch foiled the policeman, murdered the doctor, fooled the hangman, was baffled by the clown, and finally met with the doom of Doctor Faustus. Terrified, he went into the night, crying out the Cockney equivalent for '*O lente, lente currite, noctis equi.*'

In the street, looking on at this rollicking comedy, at this terse tragedy, at this intoxicating melo-drama, — I mean melo-drama (counting Toby and the Panpipes) and not melodrama, — a mixed crowd had assembled. There was an errand-boy, oblivious of his mission, a butcher's cart pausing in its brisk career, a nursery-maid and a perambulator, several children, several grown-up people, a policeman, a clerk, a postman, a bookmaker — in fact, a representative audience. None of them could withdraw his attention from the spectacle until it was over, and even the more parsimonious, who were determined to see the show for nothing, pretended to go away when the bag came around, and sneaked back again when that dangerous moment was tided over. It was a great success. The audience laughed; a small child in front of me enjoyed the coffin ecstatically; and several minor members of the audience, especially the baby in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

perambulator, screamed when the Devil came for Punch. There was a sigh of disappointment when it was all over.

The same week I witnessed a spectacle of a different kind. A drama called *Atlantide*, at Covent Garden, on the film. It was the cinematograph version of a French romance — the collision of two French officers with a French 'She-who-must-be-obeyed.' In rapid succession we witnessed rides on the desert; the arrival of some officers in a forgotten and unspoiled corner of the continent of Atlantis; the palace of Antinea (an Atlantean), in which former intruders, who one and all had hung their harps on weeping willow trees to signify they died of love, were embalmed in bronze, by a process peculiar to Atlanteans, and were kept in the library and labeled and indexed by the librarian; we saw the apartments of Antinea herself, rich with Moorish fretwork, plentifully stocked with Benares bowls, a little overcrowded perhaps, possibly a trifle too reminiscent of an international exhibition; and finally Antinea herself unveiled.

So great was her charm — we learn from the book, and the marginal notes of the film corroborated the fact — that a man at her bidding kills his best friend with a small hammer. The trouble is there is no one from Atlantis to play this tremendous part. And the audience, face to face, not with a mask, or with the unfettered fancy of its imagination, but with a concrete European lady, with an obvious experience of the movies, could hardly help feeling a shade disappointed.

Then came an escape; more desert scenes, a mirage, in which a vision of the Crystal Palace suddenly lent a cosy touch to an unfriendly landscape of waste and arid desolation. Then a final scene in which the escaped officer feels the call of Antinea, and sets out for Atlantis once more.

On paper what could be more thrilling? The spectacle seemed to offer all that the eye and the imagination could ask for — adventure, gorgeous landscape, love-interest, terror, pity, excitement, suspense, a marvelous and poisoned camel perishing in its pride, a forgotten continent; slaves, palm-trees, the *Illustrated London News* arriving punctually at the city of Antinea, the false lure of the mirage, the conflict between love and duty, the clash of wills, love, death — all the elements of tragedy and romance . . . and yet the spectacle, judging from its effect on an audience, which was certainly interested and amused but at the end a little tired, 'and pale, as it seemed, at last,' was less successful than Punch and Judy as performed in the Tottenham Court Road.

But why, it may be asked, compare the two at all? Cannot both be enjoyed separately and differently by a reasonable person? Well, the reason I want to compare them is this: Punch and Judy and the cinematograph represent, I think, between them the ultimate possibilities, the complete range and scope of the drama of to-day and of the future.

This occurred to me the first time I saw a movie. I at once followed the advice of the wise man who said, 'Directly I get a new idea I look up and see which Greek author has expressed it best.' I found my idea expressed more fully, more concisely, and more skillfully than I could ever have expressed it in a book of critical articles written in the sixties and the seventies by the poet Théodore de Banville, which were collected and republished in 1917, under the title of *Critiques*.

In June 1878, Théodore de Banville made an astonishing prophecy. Talking of the magic of the dramatic poets, he said it was indeed a wondrous feat to silver a whole sky, and to make the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shadow twinkle with diamonds, by the happy manipulation of twelve syllables. He was thinking of two famous lines of Corneille. Our poets have done it over and over again in the manipulation of *ten* syllables. For instance: —

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon the bank,

or,

The moon is up and yet it is not night,

or,

Far over sands marbled with moon and cloud.

But these miracles, said Théodore de Banville, will happen no more, because they no longer serve any purpose. To see, he says, — I will transpose his French allusions into English equivalents, — to see, he says, the dawn in russet mantle clad, walking o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill, or the floor of heaven thick inlaid with patines of bright gold, is now the business of the electrician and the limelight-lighter; and magic will be paid for, just as heating and sweeping, monthly. Proud Poetry, he said, who needs nothing to aid her to establish her dominion, will go back to the Ode and to the Epic. As to the stage, it will diverge into two widely different currents. On the one hand, into spectacular pantomime, aided by all the latest improvements in mechanism, lighting, and scenery, and on the other hand, into realistic drama, modern bourgeois drama, which will go straight to the point, and indulge more and more in the shorthand business of an age of hustle and the style of the Morse code.

This was written in 1878, and not only did Théodore de Banville thus foresee the cinematograph, but his prophecy about the future of the drama has come literally true. The drama diverged into the two currents he foreshadowed: the movies and the realistic drama. Ibsen all over the world, with his herd of hysterical shopkeepers wrangling over an antimacassar: the Théâtre Antoine in Paris, the Art Theatre in Moscow, the Court Theatre in London, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Granville Barker, and the rest. Théodore de Banville forgot one thing — he forgot Punch and Judy. He forgot Guignol, and was spared the vision of the Grand Guignol.

My object in writing this paper is to point out that in the bare existence of Punch and Judy, in the mere fact that Punch and Judy is not yet dead and can still be seen, there is not only still a lingering hope of something else, but there actually exists something else which is akin to Punch and Judy and founded on the same tradition.

In another page, from the same book, Théodore de Banville tells us what led him to the conclusion that something like the cinematograph was bound to evolve. He quotes what he says is a terrible and decisive aphorism: 'When the stage attains to material perfection, dramatic poetry will cease to exist.' He adds the reason of this, namely, that the human eye tires of any spectacle that lasts a quarter of an hour. I don't know whether Théodore de Banville ever assisted at an exhibition of tableaux vivants, but if he did, he surely would have said one minute for a quarter of an hour. No human being can behold a tableau vivant, however beautiful, for more than a minute, if for so long. If the spectacle is prolonged, he will scream. And it is this which proves the inanity of elaborate scenery in the mounting of Shakespeare and of all poetical drama.

Once more, we find Théodore de Banville speaking to the point. In talking of Racine's plays, he says that Racine was right to have them performed, in contemporary costume, on a stage crowded with noblemen, without giving a thought to local color or historic verisimilitude. The day, he says, when Talma, in the name of progress, mount-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ed Racine with a pretense of physical and pictorial probability, the intimate atmosphere of the play was lost forever. Racine's plays were meant to be played in a drawing-room, and his verse was meant to be recited in the earshot of a small and well-educated group of people. What is true about Racine is true in a different way and for different reasons about Shakespeare.

This is what Théodore de Banville says about the mounting of Shakespeare: 'Very little furniture, extremely simple scenery, straight wings, and a frieze, which is in reality the continuation of a curtain, are the real accessories you need for Shakespeare, and which allow his changes of scene to take place in sight of the audience. When *Hamlet* was played here,' he continues (he is writing in 1869), 'the drama was killed by pretentious scenery which was heavily dumped down in front of us, by changes of scene and the noise of scene-shifting, by the constant fall and rise of the curtain, and, above all, by the entr'actes which unduly interrupted the action.'

How terribly true this is of modern productions of *Hamlet*. The tragic thing about it is this: all this trouble and expense, all the thousands of pounds spent on scenery, mounting, and electrical effects, is so much money wasted, and makes the production of many plays impossible. It has killed the production of poetical drama in England, but it has never satisfied the patrons of the drama, because you cannot get over the initial fact, which I have already mentioned, that the human eye tires of any scenic effect after a minute. Therefore, if the public needs scenic effect, it must have something more than *static* scenic effect. It must have scenes that move. Hence the cinematograph; and hence Théodore de Banville's prophecy of the cinematograph.

Well, if that is what the public wanted, they have got it. But I maintain that, given the finest cinematograph in the world, and a great actor or actress performing either in tragedy or comedy against a bare curtain, in a real play, with spoken words, the play would have the greater success, given, of course, that the opportunities for seeing either performance are equal. It would not be fair to pit a cinematograph that can go on all day and all night against an actor who cannot speak for more than three hours at a stretch, six nights in the week and at two matinees.

I have often heard it said: 'That is all very well, but now the public is used to elaborate scenery it will always insist on having it.' My point is that the public, after the curtain has risen, does not notice the scenery, nor even look at it after the first minute of the action. It looks at the actors. It is following the play; and as the whole essence of drama is action, and rapidity of action, a play of Shakespeare's, for instance, which is divided into a multitude of scenes, suffers from a forcible lowering of the pulse, and its stride is impeded, retarded, and checked, if the action is suspended while the scene is being changed, especially if the change involves either a long wait, or a deafening noise of hammering taking place behind a swaying back-cloth.

Anyone who has had the good fortune to witness a performance of *Hamlet* without scenery, with merely a curtain in the background, will probably have been surprised to find how little he missed the scenery; how completely any thought of it vanished directly the actors held the attention. It is on record that one of Garrick's greatest triumphs took place in a French drawing-room. He acted the dagger scene from *Macbeth*, and moved a small and elegant audience to terror. It is obvious

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that they did not feel the need of limelight or of an artificial thunderstorm in the distance.

But one need not drag in Garrick to make the point. Children's charades and Punch and Judy prove it. Supposing there was a long wait between each successive episode in Punch and Judy, while the scene was being changed and lighting effects were being prepared, the audience would melt away.

The recent revival of the *Beggar's Opera* is another proof that scenery is waste of money, for in recent times no play has been more simply mounted or more successful; and the first run of the *Beggar's Opera* lasted ninety-five years longer than that of *Chu Chin Chow*.

Another point is this: stage scenery, however elaborate, however realistic; stage lighting, however complicated and ingenious, is always and must be always a comparative failure. A tree on the stage can never look like a real tree; a stage bird never sings as well as a real bird; a tea tray is never quite as good as a real thunderstorm, although once at a rehearsal of *Macbeth* I heard the late Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree tell a real thunderstorm that he had warned it a thousand times to mind its cue and not to break in on his soliloquy and to be less intempestive. Stage scenery can neither compete with Nature nor with the camera. That being so, why waste money on it? Why not learn a lesson from Punch and Judy?

The lesson is beginning to be learned. There is a theatre in Paris, the Vieux Colombier, where Shakespeare's plays are produced with the minimum of pageantry and the maximum of effect; there is the 'Old Vic.' in London, where Shakespeare is enjoyed by the same kind of people he wrote his plays for. Lately the revival of the *Yellow Jacket* proved that two actors sitting on a table could give the illusion of a boat floating down a river. There are others; but what I should like to see is not only a wholesale revival of Punch and Judy, not only State-endowed Punch-and-Judys, and pensions for retired Codlins and Shorts, and homes for decayed Tobys, but a host of puppet shows all over the country, for which poets such as Mr. Bridges, Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Shanks, Mr. Hardy, Mr. de la Mare, Mr. Trench, Mr. Belloc, and in fact all the poets should write plays.

These plays could be produced at once, without any bother. There would be no long heart-searchings as to whether or not the public could stand them. If the public could n't stand them, you could instantly change the bill and produce *King Lear* or the *Comedy of Errors*. There would be no delicate debate about the casting; no manipulating of the play to suit the actor-manager; no rivalry between various actors; no question of any one of the puppets saying: 'Very well, then, I shan't play.'

No rivalry as to the space between the names of the actors on the playbills, which even in Paris is a source of trouble. I remember a case of a French Academician who was found measuring a playbill outside a theatre with his umbrella. When he was asked what he was doing, he said: 'I am measuring the space between the name of my leading actress and her subordinates, and that between the name of my leading actor and his subordinates, as she says unless she is given as much interspace as he is enjoying she will throw up her part in my play.' There would be none of these unforeseen obstacles, and the drama would go back to what it was originally meant to be, what the French still call it, *le Spectacle*, and what in England, alas, now survives only in the all too rare revivals of the incomparable drama of Punch and Judy.

Le Spectacle. The Show. That is what we want. And that is what we

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

get neither at the movies nor in the theatre nowadays, and hardly anywhere, in fact, except in Punch and Judy. Just before the war I was in Russia, and I met a poet who is now famous, calm, and dead. He died of scurvy in St. Petersburg, during the Revolution. He is famous now for a poem about Bolshevism (not a Bolshevist poem) called 'The Twelve'; but he was well known before this, in Russia, as a writer of exquisite verse, and of plays which were performed by living puppets. His name was Alexander Blok.

I spent an evening in the winter of 1912 with him and some other Russian poets and men of letters, whose names I have forgotten; but I remember that Blok spoke of nothing but the disappearance of the show, the *spectacle*, and he used the French word. He said on the modern stage there was no *spectacle*. Greek plays and Shakespeare were not allowed to be spectacles, in the French sense of the word *spectacle*, in the sense that children's charades, the Passion Play at Oberammergau, the *Beggar's Opera*, and Punch and Judy are spectacles. The Chinese, he said, still had the right spectacle. Their plays are not, indeed, played by puppets, but by human beings — human beings, nevertheless, who are so perfectly trained in movement, facial play, and facial contortion, that on a diminutive stage two men, without any accessories save weapons, can give without hardly moving their bodies a realistic representation of a battle.

I had another Russian friend who once described to me one of these mimic battles, and he told me that the two impassive Chinamen, with their wonderfully disciplined muscles and their obedient, elastic grimaces and facial contortions, had for the first time brought home to him what 'alarums and excursions' meant on the stage. Alexander Blok denied that there was any spectacle left in modern drama. He thought Chekhov's plays were penny-readings of a gloomy kind; Gor'kii's plays, short stories gone wrong; Bernard Shaw's plays, overgrown pamphlets; the whole of the modern French stage intolerable, with the exception of Rostand. What he wanted was Molière, Shakespeare, Punch and Judy; and he wrote one excellent play of the kind himself, in which the heroine was made of cardboard.

But now let us listen for one moment to the voice of common sense, to the man who may reasonably ask: 'But what do you suggest should be done? Punch and Judy is great fun, and we know that actor-managers sometimes spoil Shakespeare. The movies are a living fact. You need not like them, but you can't avoid them. They are there, and Punch and Judy is not there. The movies may be as undramatic, in spite of all their elaborate thrills, as Mrs. Jarley's waxworks, but the sad fact remains that Mrs. Jarley has won, and Codlin and Short have lost, the battle. When Mrs. Jarley tried to explain to little Nell the quality of her waxworks, little Nell asked a dangerous question: "I never saw waxworks, madam," she said. "Is it funnier than Punch?" "Funnier?" said Mrs. Jarley in a shrill voice, "it is not funny at all, it is calm and classical." '

Nothing at first sight could appear less calm and less classical than the movies, especially those films that deal with classical subjects; but as drama, as a spectacle, they compare with Punch and Judy, tame and pseudoclassical. They tire the eye, and I don't believe the sight of Dr. Jekyll turning into Mr. Hyde, in sight of the audience, thrills a schoolboy as much as the appearance of the coffin and the skeleton in Punch. The fact of the matter is that either drama happens or it does not happen; and if it is not happening, not all the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

runaway trains, not all the motor bicycles, leaping over express trains, in the world, not all the mirages in the Sahara will make it happen. A railway accident is not drama.

Again the voice of common sense breaks in and says: 'What do you suggest? What is your alternative?' Matthew Arnold said: 'Organize the theatre, the theatre is irresistible.' Very well, then, how would you organize it? Do you suggest the mounting of plays being put in the hands of artists? Do you suggest that every play should have Gordon Craig screens, Cubist scenery, and Scriabin effects of sound mixed with color? If not, if you simply want charades, and Punch and Judy, the stage cannot be reformed without being reformed altogether — reformed out of existence.

Well, what I want is not the impossible. All I ask is that the play may be allowed to do its own work, with the help of actors, and that it should not be stifled by accessories, scenery, properties, incidental music, limelight effects, dances, alarums and excursions, which fail to convince and merely succeed in retarding the action because they are not a part of it. They are ruinously costly and — this is my main point — the public, if they only knew it, and if only the managers knew it, do not want them at all, and in reality pay no attention to them. I can give a good example of this.

Some years ago the late Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree produced *Macbeth* at His Majesty's Theatre. Beerbohm Tree was a man of imagination and a dreamer of dreams. His imagination sometimes found adequate expression in the rendering of character parts such as Svengali, but this did not satisfy him. He saw and thought big, and expressed his dreams in grandiose Shakespearean productions, which were enormously expensive, and sometimes extremely beautiful, as pageants, but which rarely allowed *le spectacle* any free play.

While he was rehearsing *Macbeth*, I attended several of the rehearsals. One afternoon, he was rehearsing the last act. There was a scene at the back, and an embryo portcullis somewhere. Macbeth's army was being played by private soldiers of the Coldstream Guards. They stood dotted about on the stage in their red tunics, carrying light canes. In the foreground stood Beerbohm Tree in his ordinary clothes, and wearing, I think, a jeweled helmet. Nothing could have been more incongruous than the outward appearance of that act as it was played that afternoon to an empty theatre. In the stalls there were a few friends. And yet no sooner did the actors begin to speak their words, than the attention of the people in the audience, of the supers on the stage, of the scene-shifters in the wings was held; and when Tree, hardly raising his voice, spoke the speech which begins, 'To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,' and which I have always imagined Shakespeare was made to write in at the actor's bidding, the effect was overwhelming. He was making no effort and the verse was allowed to do its own work.

A few nights later, I was present on the first night, but there was so much dancing, so much music, so many floating ghosts and whirling witches, so many changes of scene, so much startling illumination, and such a wealth of unexpected detail and business, that one had not time to listen to the words, and the play seemed, the whole time, to be standing still. One felt all that wealth of color and change had been a waste of money, and that the audience would have been held in a far tighter grip had they been able to witness the play in the undress clothes of rehearsal. I realized once and for all, not only how

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

little accessories, how little all that is not the play, matters; not only this, but also that in a play, *everything that is not the play is an obstacle*, a cause of delay, a retarder. I don't mean I want all the supers in a play to be dressed in the clothes they wear in everyday life; on the contrary, the more gorgeous the dresses the better. But I know that often one super will do quite as well as ten supers, and that incidental music has a damping effect on drama — that to be effective it must be an integral part of the drama, as in Wagner, or in Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande*.

My answers to the objections of common sense are, I think, the essence of common sense. I don't want the stage to be turned into something else — an æsthetic electrocution chain, or a gallery of living waxworks, or a hall of conjuring tricks, or a palace of reflectors. I want it to be restored to what it originally was, a home of illusion. The cart of Thespis, the Miracle Plays, the Tréteau de Tabarin, the Hôtel de Rambouillet, the Globe Theatre, Punch and Judy, the Italian puppet-shows, all of them had this in common: they provided the opportunity of make-believe; and with the minimum of effort they achieved the maximum of effect. They had another point in common: they let their actors dress up. A man, or a woman, or a child, they knew, could dress up enough like something else to create the necessary illusion.

But not all the painters, photo-scenists, stage managers, and lime-lighters in the world can make a scene that in itself, and without the aid of human action, gives the illusion of reality. And this brings me to my point, to my common-sense answer to the objections of common sense. The stage is an artificial thing. Let it remain artificial, and do not let it try and fail to be as natural as Nature, because the thing is impossible. The best electric light is not in the least like sunlight; the most skillful artificial flowers are not in the least like almond blossom; the best-painted and the best-lighted stage sunset or dawn is not comparable with a real sunset and dawn. But a frankly artificial stage tree is effective; behind footlights an impossible stage sky is effective, because instead of trying to emulate sun and air it is making the most of gas or gauze.

So far from wishing to abolish scenery, all I want is for scenery to resume its proper place; to abound in its own sense, and no longer to be ashamed of itself; not to be snobbish and to aspire to a rank above its station. I want the stage to remain the stage, but not to try to encroach on the domain of painting, sculpture, music, and photography. I want the attention of the audience to be concentrated on the actors; and if the play and situations demand and require it, I should like the costumes to be never so gorgeous, as long as they are appropriate. Nothing could be better than the costumes in Punch and Judy. They create a complete illusion. Nothing could be better than the costumes in the Italian puppet-shows and in the *Beggar's Opera*. The princess in the puppet show looks like a princess, and the clown looks like a clown, and we are satisfied.

But when the Art Theatre at Moscow spent an infinity of labor in trying to set before us, on the stage, an old Russian country-house, at dawn, with windows opening on to a large cherry orchard in full blossom, with the birds singing, the audience admired the pains that had been taken, but were no more convinced of the reality of the cherry-blossom and the larks than they would have been by the birds in a toy symphony. In fact, my answer to the objection of common sense is this: 'The play 's the thing'; write and act the play, the rest will take care of itself.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GUGLIELMO FERRERO AT HOME

BY E. GADOLIN-LAGERVALL

From *Göteborg's Handels och Sjöfarts-Tidning, May* 23
(NORWEGIAN COMMERCIAL AND SHIPPING JOURNAL)

IT is always with a certain uneasiness that ode plans a visit to a great man after having made his acquaintance through his writings. Will the reality in any degree correspond to the image formed? Or is one to find one of these misers of thought who give of their genius only through royalty-paying editions? Or someone whose soul has been damaged by success, who has paid for fame by an unlimited vanity, demanding for every little word a piously attentive audience? Or — there are such — someone who with pen in hand becomes a magnified, or even different, personality but in everyday life shrinks to an insignificant little gray soul, leaving us to wonder from what deeply hidden springs he has been able to draw the great things he has given to his age?

Questions like these disturbed us when, on a brilliant spring day, we started to find on one of the avenues of Florence the little hidden villa inhabited by the Ferrero family. No grandeur of Italian style, no terraces with lemon trees in sculptured vases, no fountains with time-eaten mythological statues. The simple little villa could very well have been one of the older ones in the suburbs of Stockholm, and even the interior gave more of an impression of Scandinavian home comfort than of the usual period-pure but rather heavy Italian elegance.

Every wall was covered with books, — Italian, Spanish, English, German, — works from the most diverse fields of human knowledge. In a closed, almost hidden case, were Ferrero's own numerous books, translated into a great number of different languages; even the Swedish edition of his Roman history, which Ferrero declared to be, in the matter of print and typographical display, the next best after the American. And there were books, newspapers, pamphlets, everywhere: on the little parlor-table, on the radiators, and even on some of the chairs, though without giving the effect of a pose or of disorder.

It is a particularly interesting company that gathers every Sunday, — and sometimes on week days, because the home of the Ferrero family is very hospitable, — Italian professors and politicians, English, French, American scholars and journalists, Germans, Belgians, Hungarians, Armenians, and a great many young people of all nationalities; all these come and come again, always equally welcome, not to listen in silent reverence to the words of the master in order to publish them in italics, — see Gsell's *Propos d'Anatole France*, — but for a frank exchange of opinion in which every contribution is received with the most friendly interest. That this exchange of ideas, on the most varied subjects, is usually a lively one is assured by the latitude and the concentrated intellectual material. Then Ferrero is apt to straighten his tall, thin figure, and his light blue eyes shoot lightning behind his eyeglasses, which seem attached with remarkable firmness. His gestures become more and more lively. Not only his slender, intellectual hands, but his long arms,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are used. I do not believe I have ever heard any human being produce so many words a second as Ferrero when he gets excited, and yet he does it in the distinctly articulated Latin tongues, Italian and French. We ventured to advise him to slow up a little at his coming lectures in Scandinavia.

The conversation dwelt a moment on Wells's *Outline of History*, and an English historian criticized the book more and more sharply. To presume to write a history of the world like that between two novels, when the researches of a lifetime would hardly suffice! And finally, when someone had interposed that in history a new point of view might be more inspiring than all the scientific facts in the world, he turned to Ferrero, sure of finding support. I still see the roguish little smile with which the latter replied, 'I should n't lay it up against him.'

Sometimes Ferrero relates some little anecdote from his eventful life. Once during the war he went, deeply disturbed over the depreciation of all moral values, to Cardinal Gasparri, the Pope's secretary, in order to relieve his heart through a conversation with him. But Gasparri listened to him in a distracted manner and preferred to discuss current political problems. Later someone asked the Cardinal what he thought of Ferrero. 'Oh yes, an intelligent man, highly cultured, but a little too much of a Catholic for me.'

There are in the Ferrero home not one, but two, centres of attraction, which harmoniously complement each other. Madame Ferrero, daughter of the great Cesare Lombroso, herself a doctor of both medicine and literature, is also an important and unusually winning personality. Just as short as her husband is tall, with a slender figure, reminding one of Madame Curie — there is something highly cultivated in the lively, soulful features and the voice that sounds like music, especially when she speaks Italian; a good mother, a good housekeeper, a distinguished hostess, who leads the conversation without monopolizing it. Always she has a thousand irons in the fire: lectures to give, articles or books to write, and people to help. How she, small and slender as she is, is able to do all this work is a puzzle. And everything she does is done with the most intense energy.

Madame Lombroso-Ferrero's literary production has been considerable. Besides many booklets on current topics, she has published, after ten years' labor, an unusually well-constructed biography of her father, in which one gets a clear picture of him, both as the great scientist — or perhaps still more as the great sower of ideas on many different fields — and as the lovable individual with open, sunny spirit. It is a book remarkably free from that excess of detail, unimportant letters, and so forth, which so often overweights the best English biographies. Then comes a psychological study of the soul of woman, *L'Anima della Donna*, also written in clear and sprightly style with infectious warmth, and full of keen observations. It is asserted that this is the first attempt to define psychologically the peculiar nature of woman, remarkable as that may sound after all that has been said and written about women.

Even Ferrero's eighteen-year-old son has written signed articles and has made his début as a lecturer on art, so that there is good reason to hope that he will follow the literary traditions of the family.

I have heard it said that nowhere is it so easy for a promising youth to get ahead as in Italy, because the Italians love children and young people as no other nation does and are ever ready to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

extend a helping hand. The mature man and his work, on the contrary, arouse but little interest. His fame is usually made abroad, often through German agencies. That was the case of Lombroso, the father-in-law of Ferrero, who, while he was celebrated the world over, had to wage throughout his long life the most stubborn fight against the scientific conservatism of his compatriots. That has been the experience of Ferrero. He is known and recognized as an authority, the highest in his field; if he gives a lecture the people crowd to hear him, but the Italians let it go at that. Official Italy creates no professor's chair for her great son (only general history, ancient and modern, is taught at the universities) and no tokens of royal favor have fallen to his lot.

It was really Lombroso who discovered Ferrero. At a student celebration in the former's honor the then eighteen-year-old Ferrero offered a toast to him and disappeared in the crowd. But Lombroso had been struck both by the substance of the address and by the young man's personality, and did everything to find him. After several days' fruitless search — he did not even know his name — he succeeded, invited Ferrero to visit him, had a long conversation with him, and ended by offering the young law-student an opportunity to collaborate with him in the writing of his book, *La Donna Deliquente*, 'The Woman Criminal.'

This collaboration became for the young Ferrero an event of the highest importance. Lombroso was a pioneer, to whom tradition usually meant petrifaction. The principal object of interest for Lombroso was always the human, the psychological, while the history that was taught at the Italian seats of learning had become ossified into a sterile search for details. And Lombroso had the great gift of communicating his enthusiasm to youth. The Ferrero who emerged from the collaboration was another person than the one who had made the speech, and it was with a new, larger view of things that he started on two years of travel and study in Germany, England, and France. The result of these travels was a book, *L'Europe Giovane*, 'The Young Europe,' which for a long time lay in the limbo of sleeping manuscripts, kept by some publisher. In the meantime Ferrero wrote his doctor's thesis, *Psicologia del Simbolismo*, which, despite its title, is a legal work.

After he had deserted the law for history, he made the acquaintance of Signor Moneta, the great Italian pacifist and winner of the Nobel Prize, who received from Ferrero such a strong impression that he invited him to give ten lectures in Milan on 'Peace and Militarism.' These lectures were an unprecedented success. They were published in book form and the publisher brought to light 'The Young Europe,' which also won great favor.

But two years later, in 1898, revolutionary movements broke out in Italy. Ferrero was accused of having been the cause, through his antimilitarist lectures, and he was formally ostracized. His environment became quiet and lonesome, but it is possible that these years of solitude were fruitful for his chief work. At thirty he published his Roman history.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ART OF RESTING

BY FILSON YOUNG

From the *Saturday Review, July* 15
(ENGLISH TORY WEEKLY)

THERE are people in the world of whom it may truly be said that they never rest; who go from morning to night and from season to season with every minute accounted for in advance; who are always going from one definite and organized occupation to another; who never read and never think, but who spend their time in moving from place to place and in talking. Before their eyes life moves with the vibration of a cinematograph; and if they were to attempt to sit down and rest, they would probably never get up again but would dissolve into old age and helplessness; as some cosmic substance, held together by centrifugal forces and flying through space, would, if its movement were arrested, fly asunder into dust. There are men of this kind, but there are more women; they are often what is called leaders of society; they are present at every function, their names are every day in the newspapers; nothing in the eyes of the people who take such a life seriously can be regarded as successful without their presence. How do they do it?

Violent affections need violent antidotes; desperate plights call for desperate remedies; consequently the place of rest in the lives of such people is taken by formidable restorative activities which themselves would exhaust an ordinary person. Massage is substituted for natural exercises of the muscles, so that the blood may sometimes be withdrawn from the fevered nerves; busy 'cures,' where, under the guise of recreation and social functions, clever doctors impose a disciplinary hygiene, take the place of the holidays of more simple and natural people.

Old age, which is itself a kind of rest provided by nature, an easing-down of the activities, and, perhaps, a tuning of the soul for that long and profounder rest into which a natural life is rounded off, is in the case of these people artificially staved off; they will not be old, they will not be inactive; they will not give up, in short, until they utterly collapse and are carried ignominiously off the scene. In this way many a frail woman lives a life that would exhaust and kill a navvy.

They are extreme cases, of course; but there are thousands of people, more normally constituted, who also are losing or have lost the power of resting, and whose lives are, in consequence, not quiet, nor pleasant, nor fertile in any of those fruits which a more placid generation so richly harvested; who wonder at the end of a day why they did all the things that they did, and who must wonder, I think, at the end of their lives if all the fret and burden has been worth while. For them, as for the others, the only salvation lies in the art of resting.

I call it an art because it is a thing which some people have naturally; they have a talent or gift of tranquillity, and can achieve and maintain that state in the most adverse circumstances. But there is also a science of resting; it can be learned and cultivated; and if they will but discipline themselves a little, the most fidgety

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and nervous people can soon achieve at will that blessed and recuperative condition which we call rest. It is of no use to place the body in an attitude of inactivity and repose if the mind is active and dissipated, or one's thoughts are jumping about from one subject to another or running round in circles of irritation and distress. In such a condition it is not possible to keep the body still for long, and the effort to do so proves more exhausting than activity.

That is why overtired people are always on the move; the mind will not allow the body to rest, but drags it about in a ceaseless search for the repose which always seems attainable in some other place than that in which one finds oneself. People in that condition never say, 'I shall rest here'; they always say, 'I shall go somewhere and rest.' They cannot dissociate rest from the idea of movement, and it was the almost universal experience of overtired people that the psalmist expressed when he wrote the words, 'Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest.' The modern person translates this into 'Oh that I had a motor car, or an aeroplane, or a yacht, or a reserved cabin on a liner, or a compartment in the *wagon-lit*, so that I could go away and be at rest!'

There is a great fallacy in all that, for if you know how to rest you can rest anywhere, and if you don't you will be disturbed and restless on a feather bed in a sound-proof chamber. The first thing to do is to withdraw the mind from all definite subjects of contemplation and make it a blank. This is an easy thing to say, but not an easy thing to do without practice. I do not mean that it is difficult not to think of something, for, in fact, few people make a habit of thinking at all for more than a few seconds at a time. Thinking requires effort and concentration. But imagining is what occupies the brains of most of us; we see mental pictures of various conditions, pleasing or distressing; we see ourselves acting various parts, and on the lighted screen of the mind pictures of life as we experience it, or as we hope or fear to experience it, are continually projected. Well, the first thing in rest is to learn to turn the lights off that screen and see nothing but a blank. Now if you try this lying in bed or sitting in an easy-chair you will find it at first quite a difficult thing to do. The screen will be blank for a moment, but some sound or thought will suggest a picture and the cinematograph will begin again.

The first thing to do, then, is to concentrate on nothing at all — which is a very different thing from not concentrating on anything. Resting requires almost as much concentration as hard work, and that is why people who have the greatest power of concentration have also the greatest power of resting. The restless and overtired people are the people who have not learned the habit of concentration or mind-control. That is one of the greatest defects in our system of education. Children are taught to control their muscles, to balance their bodies, and are given exercises to aid them in acquiring this control; they are even taught to control their passions. But they are hardly ever taught to control their minds, although the mind is the one piece of machinery which controls the whole of the rest of the body.

To concentrate the mind on the idea of repose is partly a positive, but much more a negative, process. The idea of rest must be put definitely in the foreground and regarded as the chief business of the moment; everything else must be allowed to recede into the background. You know how in a good photograph the principal object stands out clearly in sharp tones, and the back-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ground is a mere suggestion or misty outline, while in a bad photograph the most trivial and distant objects are given the same value as the principal subject. It must be something like that. The idea of rest must be clear and definite and important in one's mind, and the thoughts must be definitely withdrawn from everything else. One must, in other words, concentrate on the fact that, for the moment, these things are of no importance. They will try to keep coming back into the foreground, and they must be gently and resolutely pushed away. Say definitely to yourself, 'For twenty minutes or an hour I am going to dismiss these things from my mind; nothing disastrous will happen in the meantime, and I will deal with them in their turn.'

It is not until you try to cultivate the art of 'letting go' that you realize how the mind is clinging to something or other all the time, and how the sedulous body imitates it by bracing itself and straining itself in all kinds of ways. But there is one very good way of learning how to let go. Lie down in bed or on a couch and make up your mind to relax your whole body. Let every muscle go slack. Go over every part of it in turn with your mind. Make sure that the full weight of your head is resting on the pillow, that your limbs are lying limp as they would if you were floating on water, without any crook or tension in them. Follow out this mental inspection to the extremities of the limbs, see that every finger and every toe is absolutely loosened and set free to take the attitude of repose. It is of no use to do this with the body if the mind is not at rest; but you will find that this process of combing out, as it were, the nerves and muscles will have a remarkably tranquilizing effect on the mind, which will become occupied with the idea of repose; and by the time you have uncrooked the last little muscle it is not unlikely that you may be asleep.

That is one way of cultivating rest at a given moment. But the art of rest demands that one should make a habit of it. It means, in short, that every day there should be some time or other, if it be only half an hour before dinner or after lunch, in which nothing is allowed to encroach upon or disturb this little sacrament of rest. If it is diligently practised it can be achieved almost anywhere: in a train, on the top of an omnibus, in a room where many other people are talking and working.

Many religions and philosophies are like drugs, and as you can make an overtired person sleep by administering an opiate, so you can often give rest to the wearied or dissipated mind by endowing it with certain ideas and theories relating to life here and hereafter; but it will not be as sound and invigorating a rest as the natural repose which can be found within itself. It is not in tired and diseased minds that the highest religions have borne their noblest fruit, but in sane and healthy ones. Therefore I think that before flying to any nostrum for the disease of our time, it is well to get the mind into some kind of health, and by cultivating the art of resting you will then be much more likely to appreciate the virtues of the science or philosophy you wish to practise. In other words, we must learn to possess our own souls, and not scatter and distribute them in fragments to the winds of the world.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A COMING FAMINE IN COTTON

BY SIR E. MACKAY EDGAR

[*Exceptional significance attaches to the following article in view of the bill, sponsored by the British Empire Cotton-Growing Corporation, recently introduced in the House of Commons. This bill authorizes the Corporation to levy a tax of sixpence on every 500 pounds gross weight of cotton imported into Great Britain, this tax to be paid by the British purchaser and the money so received to be used to develop cotton-growing lands within the Empire.*]

From the *Saturday Review, July* 15
(ENGLISH TORY WEEKLY)

THE article of primary importance to man when he enters the world is food. And an urgent second to this is cotton. Not only because modesty bids him clothe himself, and legal and climatic conditions render some protection necessary, but because, as a citizen of a civilized and prosperous country, cotton has an enormous bearing upon the life he leads in it. Cloth, motor tires, aircraft, artificial silks, oils are only a few of the articles manufactured for his comfort from cotton, and it would be quite reasonable to say that a man living in this modern world without the benefits of the cotton plant would be as happy as an Irishman in Utopia.

America and Egypt supply the greater proportion of all the raw cotton that is obtainable at present for manufacture, although great strides have been made in the production of cotton in Brazil, Peru, and Mexico. In view of a possible shortage in the future, experiments are being carried out to increase the planted acreage, and combat diseases which attack the cotton plants, in districts such as the Niger Valley, and French Sudan, British Nyasaland, Portuguese East Africa, Zambesi, Kenya Colony, as well as the Philippine Islands and Australia. In the Philippines, the native varieties such as the Torquillo and Sangley types have proved to be singularly free from the attacks of insects. Zambesi is experimenting in 'long-staple' cotton; South Africa, which has now about 15,000 acres reserved for cotton, is finding the best results are obtained from the class of cotton belonging to the big-boll group.

These facts have, of course, little bearing on the present supply of raw cotton; they are only interesting as experiments. Such growers cannot compete with America, who with about 35 million acres already planted could, if it were profitable, bring additional millions of acres into cultivation.

Egypt is trying the grafting of Egyptian varieties on to the American arborescent cotton-shrubs which, instead of needing replanting every year, live about fifteen years, and increase in yield up to their eighth year; but this again is in its experimental stage.

It is claimed that the cotton thus produced compares favorably with the Sakellaridies, which is the finest commercial cotton indigenous to Egyptian soil; but even so, the results of such experiments, if adopted, would make no perceptible difference to the average 725,000 bales of cotton which is normally produced by Egypt every year.

The world's production of raw cotton consists of some 16 to 19 million bales, 60 to 70 per cent of these being pro-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

duced by the United States of America. But *one of the largest consumers in the world is the boll weevil.* The boll weevil is an unpleasant-looking insect, which has a head very similar in shape to that of a kingfisher; but unlike the majority of insects, who are humble-minded and bear the position dictated to the original snake well in mind, the boll weevil has imbibed the American ideas of class equality, and rears itself up on three pairs of legs, very reminiscent of stilts. No one has yet discovered whether it hops or flies, such is its speed; and, taken as a species, the distance it travels is no less than 250 miles per year, and this year has reached the limit of cultivation, except in a few isolated spots in the extreme north of the cotton belt.

The female boll weevil is even worse than the male, since it adds to other unpleasant habits that of laying about ten million eggs, for which it provides a suitable incubator by boring a hole in the cotton boll. As the eggs hatch, the grubs eat the cotton until the ripening boll bursts, which releases them to seek suitable places for hibernation until the spring. The number which then emerge depends largely upon the weather conditions, which have been unusually favorable for the past two years, the consequence being that the prediction for 1922 of five times as many live weevils in hibernation than of any preceding year has been amply fulfilled.

We are sometimes told, of course, that cotton can be grown elsewhere, but in Egypt, the next largest grower of commercial cotton, a similar danger in the spread of the pink worm — which keeps pace with increased acreage — is already a cause for anxiety; Mexico, another large producer, has the boll weevil in its midst as well as the pink worm. My opinion, formed after a generation of experience in pioneer work in all parts of the world, is that new acreages, assuming they are in possession of all the capital and physical energy required for their exploitation, will not produce two thirds of the cotton grown in America to-day for another ten years. Add to this the normal unceasing activity of the boll weevil in America, and a problem is presented which a dismayed world will find more urgent and difficult of solution than any which the present generation can produce. Every method so far, with the exception of calcium arsenate, the use of which is prohibited *as yet* by its expense, has been unsuccessful in checking the spread of this destructive insect, which has gained for itself in America the nickname of 'the billion-dollar gold bug.' It is a very well-deserved title, for the direct loss caused by the weevil for the last five years is estimated at sums ranging between 400 million sterling and 500 million sterling, while the indirect losses, such as depreciation of land and other properties relative to the cotton-growing industry, freights, spindles, and capital, due to this pest, reach a figure impossible to calculate.

The realization of the gravity of the present situation of affairs is only just commencing; the portent of Lancashire, presenting the incredible picture of trade petitioning Parliament to be taxed, is not without its lesson. This will be driven still further home when the boll weevil causes a famine in raw cotton, from which not only America will suffer, but the whole of the world. Many important persons in America, whose opinions cannot be disregarded, openly state that next year the boll weevil will probably increase its consumption to 50 per cent of the cotton grown in America, which means that, assuming the production of other countries remains the same, the same 150 million spindles of the world can only get sufficient cotton for about 70 per cent of that number, should they work

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

full time. In Lancashire 42 million of the 58 million spindles spin American cotton; and Germany, which nearly captured the coarse-yarn trade from Lancashire before the war, has about 9,000,000 spindles to employ; the United States have approximately 35 million spindles; France has 9,900,000, Italy 4,500,000. In addition India has 6,650,000, and Japan 3,500,000, both taking a considerable quantity of American cotton. Great Britain for the year ending July 31, 1921, consumed 1,587,000 bales of American cotton, and during that time Lancashire was experiencing a depression only equaled in 1903. The takings for the season ending July 31, 1922, according to present consumption, should be 1,957,000. During a similar period last year the United States of America consumed 5,246,000, and although this year they have suffered from strikes, their takings are estimated at 6,318,000. Similar figures for the Continent show 2,858,000 for 1921, and 3,733,000 for 1922. India, China, and Japan are also consuming more raw cotton in proportion.

Some experts, who are credited with knowledge in America, even express the view that their country will never be able to grow crops like those of 1913–14, or 1915–16, which averaged 15 million bales, again, but that her future average crop will be about six or seven million bales. This is a consternating, though somewhat drastic, statement, since it is estimated that the world's coming demand will require at least a twelve-million-bale crop in America next year to be in any measure satisfied. Owing to Lancashire's extreme depression, and reduced demand, there was a good carry-over surplus in 1920, which enabled the 1921 crop to balance with the world's requirements; this surplus has been absorbed, and so has a large proportion of the stocks of yarn and cloth in spinners' and manufacturers' hands, which are known as the invisible supply. The world has been standing out against the buying of cotton goods for a length of time which cannot be extended much further; and though the user of yarn as yet refuses to follow in price the rise in cotton, very shortly the shelves will have to be replenished, and then the coming shortage will be acutely felt.

The figures of consumption, which can be easily verified, speak for themselves, but whatever the number of spindles and looms in the world, that number only varies to increase; and not only do increased spindles mean an increasing consumption, but expanding trade means an increased demand. A large proportion of the yarn spun is absorbed by the motor-tire industry, and if in the future the proportion of motor cars in Europe were to reach anything like that of America, which is one car to every fourteen persons, this industry alone will require 20 per cent of the present supply of yarn per annum to enable them to manufacture sufficient tires. This is only one instance of many other trades to which cotton is essential, and whose consumption is naturally increasing. It is more obvious in America, where industries are conducted on colossal scales; and should the drastic prognostications of some of her experts prove correct, and her future crops only amount to an average of six million bales per annum, *America will require this entire amount for her own industries, and of necessity, to protect her supply, will in all probability impose a high export-tariff or prohibit export altogether.*

When all these facts are taken into consideration, it is impossible to avoid coming to the conclusion that a famine in cotton is not only impending, but inevitable. Every normal year witnesses less produced, and more consumed; owing to the low price which has pre-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vailed recently, America has been endeavoring to reduce her planted acreage, and some cotton-growers have found it more profitable to grow other crops for some time past. For instance, in Florida citrous fruits are being cultivated; in Georgia and the Southern Atlantic States fruit farms are being planted in increasing quantities; in Southern Alabama peanuts are being grown and, in some sections, have entirely replaced cotton.

The coming demand, as the world finds itself more and more short of cotton, will become so urgent that these growers will hasten to tear up their orchards and replant cotton, but before they can bring it to market and reap the benefit of rising prices, 30 per cent of the world's spindles will be deteriorating in idleness, not because they cannot afford to buy the cotton, but because *it will not be obtainable*. Whether conditions in the world will be such that it will pay the producers to keep the cotton at a price the consumers can pay, or allow competition to force it to any height dictated by necessity and retain a proportion on their hands, will remain to be seen, but during the next few years the results of a shortage will be realized to the full.

The coming demand for cotton will require time to enable it to obtain satisfaction, but during this time the world must be prepared to pay higher prices than before; it is a dubious question if future prices of cotton will be ever again so low as they have been recently in the past. The cost of production is becoming far greater, and the trend of events is not in the direction of lowering them.

In the Southern States of America, the most popular method of operation, since the white men entered the cotton industry, has been to rent so many acres to the black man, who paid a rent of one bale of cotton to ten acres of ground; the black man now only pays one bale of cotton for the use of fifteen acres of ground, since he can only get the equivalent amount of cotton from that acreage, and at the previous rental would be unable to live. Another reason is again caused by the boll weevil; during the picking, a black man used to be able to pick from under the cotton plants sufficient cotton to pay for his day's work, and give his employer a profit; the boll weevil destroys so much of this that he now has to crawl from plant to plant gathering very little from each, and the time taken in picking and the labor required has increased correspondingly. The American cotton-grower has still another increase in the cost of production to face, namely, the freight charges; these recently have again been raised by the Interstate Commission, and it now costs much more to transport a bale of cotton to the coast than formerly. One of the chief reasons for the low price of cotton has been the fact that America has such an abundance of cheap black labor, but how long this arrangement, so profitable to her, will continue is a problem for the future.

The black man in the North has forgotten the conditions of slavery long ago, and demands and obtains a very much higher scale of living. If his notions are assimilated by the black population of the South, which is as yet far behind Northern intelligence and business acumen, a corresponding rise in wages is to be expected.

The more the position of the world's supply of cotton for the future is surveyed, the more serious it appears to be — there are so many different affecting causes that, when the position comes to be analyzed, the more intricate byways for exploration come to notice. The certainty of the necessity for action is becoming more obvious, for it is quite clear that there are certain vital prob-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lems which must be discussed and solved in the near future in connection with the cotton industry.

Perhaps the greatest of these is the satisfaction of our demand for a large supply of raw cotton at economic prices; many experts have said recently that, unless other countries grow an amount of cotton equivalent to the crop of America, it will not be possible in the future to obtain sufficient to supply the spindles of Lancashire.

The present method of Empire cotton-growing is not, in my opinion, the best means of obtaining cotton, and although I subscribe to it, I maintain that the natural method of price, demand, and supply attract capital and enterprise more strongly and are far more efficacious remedies than subsidies. The present arrangement to give Lancashire a control-supply of raw cotton only succeeds in paying the inevitable loss with the taxpayers' money.

When the shortage is felt, and the demand is urgent, cotton will be grown throughout the Empire, because it will be profitable; subsidies cannot bring about such production nor even hasten it — they only attract unbusinesslike enterprise. Until this happens the world will have to continue with a precarious supply and, in the famine which in my opinion will come shortly on the resumption of normal conditions, put up with a very reduced supply.

SELF-SUGGESTION AND RELIGION

BY REV. THE HON. EDWARD LYTTELTON, D.D.

[*The writer, who was former Head Master of Eton College and has been Dean of Whitelands College since 1920, is the author of several theological and educational works, and of a volume of Latin verses.*]

From the *Hibbert Journal, July*
(British Theological Quarterly)

It is not the purpose of this article to estimate the success of M. Coué's therapeutics, nor to express the gratitude all must feel for his disinterestedness and his steadfast pertinacity of aim: namely, to lighten the burden of suffering humanity. It cannot be said that just for the moment and in this country there is much danger of the new teaching being undervalued, or of apathy being displayed where eager attention is demanded. Rather it has become advisable to inquire (1) how far self-suggestion is a novelty; (2) whether its influence is entirely wholesome; (3) how far it militates against a religious view of sickness and health and is compatible with prayer, or a substitute for it.

It should be remarked, first, that supposing an adverse verdict should be given in answer to all these questions, I am not so sanguine as to suppose that any appreciable difference will be discernible either in the numbers of the votaries of this cult or in their enthusi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

asm. There will be no decline in either as long as M. Coué's recommendations are found to be effectual in diminishing pain; and it is to be feared that, however patent the evidence of a morbid element in the practice of self-suggestion might be, the doctrine will continue to carry all before it as long as it is believed to make for healing.

Hardly at any period of human history has physical well-being commanded such a body of worshipers or been so madly and exclusively pursued as in Western Europe at the present time. Nevertheless, there are still a few observers of modern life left who wish to ascertain how far truth enters into this movement, as they cannot suppress a misgiving that it may owe its prestige more to the attractiveness of one man's personality than to anything really distinctive in the theory; and also that its relation to religion is essentially too close to be ignored, though M. Coué, not without good reason, has carefully dissociated the one from the other.

1. Suggestion as a form of therapeutics is at least as old as human maternity. Mothers have assumed its efficacy whenever they have soothed distress in the nursery by sounds and movements, implying that things are really going well, though the child may be convinced of the contrary. Or they have diverted the attention from the malaise to some extraneous interest, without caring to inquire whether there is a physical derangement which requires not crooning but instruction if peace is to be regained. That is to say, from time immemorial it has been instinctively recognized that if a sufferer can be induced to *think* in a certain way, curative effects of the most satisfactory kind are to be expected.

Moreover, it has been for some time a matter of common knowledge that, though the belief that is implanted by suggestion may be delusive, — that is, based on a lie, — it is none the less efficacious, and the strictest moralist would not object to the use of sham pills and colored water — that is, to the hoodwinking of the patient for his own relief. One serious objection to such treatment has nothing to do with its unveracity, but with the more prosaic fact that as soon as its secret is found out its power is gone. In short, as knowledge grows, suggestion becomes inoperative. It depends largely on ignorance, and nowadays people talk so universally and freely of their most intimate bodily disorders that the old-fashioned halcyon days of superstitious trustfulness are gone forever. How far may this description be applied to M. Coué's teaching? In other words, does its success depend on belief in anything scientifically dubious?

It is claimed for that teaching that it is based through and through on truths of our human nature — on physiological and psychological laws. Those laws concern the mysterious but indisputably real entity known as the subconscious mind. The distinctive element in the teaching is that it appears to elucidate the process of all suggestion; and hence M. Coué has gained a solid amount of confidence in his theory which has no doubt contributed largely to the success of his practice.

But I gather he depends far less than other suggesters on the use of delusion for effecting the required change of mind. He assumes that delusions are wholly unnecessary, though they may be useful with the uneducated or in extreme cases of nervous debility. In a general way the sufferer is called upon to set his mind on a fact of his own being: namely, that the recuperative power is within him, and that if he wishes he can set it free to operate. He is not far from the Christian Science dogma, that pain is not an objective fact in any sense, but a phantasmagoric

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sensation which, when the position is truly gauged, sooner or later vanishes.

But M. Coué is credited with having discovered, not a new law, but a very simple method of working it. Whereas we have hitherto been encouraged to believe that we are really in good health however ill we may feel, we are now bidden to say so in general terms daily, and when pain begins, to insist to ourselves on the contrary fact: 'This toothache is passing,' or 'This shooting corn will soon be quiet — soon be quiet — soon be quiet,' because rapid repetition even to the point of gabbling tends to fend off the wrong suggestion, that the tooth continues to hurt and the corn evidently intends to go on shooting: if this gloomy view of the situation is entertained, self-suggestion is bound to fail, because in fact it is not fairly tried. It is supposed, however, that it makes far less demand on 'faith' than other forms of 'spiritual' healing, the patient being only required to desire his cure sufficiently to be willing to gabble the form of words.

There is, of course, something a little ridiculous about this practice, but that is not a reason for our tabooing it. We are being taught to exercise a faculty of which most of us were ignorant, not in a furtive, self-tricking way, but openly and avowedly, using the self-conscious mind to dispel a delusion and work, it appears, an actual change in the tissues.

That the faculty exists can only be proved by experience; but if it does, and we are only beginners in the use of it, we must not be surprised if something slightly comic is to be noticed. So a child learning to walk or talk is often comic; but no one makes that a reason for him to remain dumb or permanently crawl.

But critics deride the notion of audible talking, almost mechanical repetitions, having any effect on the subconscious mind, as if the latter had ears to hear. But the objection is hollow. Experience proves the method to be astonishingly efficacious with children; and even adults are more or less conscious that the repetition of the Te Deum is wholesome for their souls — if, that is, they see the meaning of the words. So it may well be, if fine and appropriate words are chosen for healing purposes, and if the patient does not permit the contrary suggestion: 'This is probably all fudge.'

It is idle for anyone to use the device if he is sure it is a sham, but I submit that not only evidence but reason go to show it is not a sham. We know there is such a thing as a subconscious mind, but nobody has the faintest knowledge of its way of working, or the nature of its contact with our consciousness. If this were known, the word subconscious would have to be changed.

2. Is this method of healing tainted in any way with morbidity? This is a vastly interesting question, because of all M. Coué's successes the most arresting are the rapid and certain cures of *moral* infirmities of children — just the very cases which stir a misgiving among thinking people. Granted that the quarrelsome temper passes off, is that character-training? Has not the need of self-conquest disappeared, and with it all chance of solid growth? Again the misgiving rests on hollow assumptions. Most moral infirmities, especially in young children, are largely physical in character; at least the temptations are allowed to be needlessly strong, and we are in duty bound to mitigate the force of temptation when we are sure that it is in our power to do so, and also to continue striving with what remains. To be alarmed lest life should be too easy is to vex ourselves for nothing; nor can we fancy any mother who knows of the method and its results abstaining from using it and looking on while the child's temper gets worse day by day.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Moreover, we are all believers in character-training by indirect means, even when all occasion for painful self-conquest is apparently put away. Why else do we believe in games for schoolboys? Doubtless they are a physical benefit, but it is equally clear that they tend to lessen the temptations to animalism, and to plant the habit of coöperation — all the more effectually if no appeal is made to the will. To dispute the advisability of this practice is to agree with a peculiarly English opinion about education: that it matters little what subject you get a boy to work at so long as all the time he hates it!

3. But a far more serious difficulty is that M. Coué's method seems to contravene the vital principle that true goodness of character depends on self-forgetfulness; whereas the precept to begin each day by saying 'I am getting better and better *in all respects* every day' certainly turns the conscious mind on to the ego, and there is nothing that has caused so much uneasiness among the well-wishers of this movement as this apparently defiant challenge to a great moral principle.

The answer to this objection brings us to the third subject proposed: the relation between self-suggestion and the religious view of life. For already people are saying that it is a substitute for prayer, and far more efficacious. But if this contention is sound, that the method encourages egoism, it will certainly operate sooner or later in increasing mental disorder instead of allaying it. If insanity is not simply egoism, it is very closely bound up with it. Hence, if M. Coué has shown neurasthenics how to brace their own nervous systems, it must be that, in spite of the apparent encouragement to conceit given by the matutinal self-congratulation, the latter expresses truth — such truth as we are told will make us free. Also we should be forced to conclude that self-congratulation that is based on a lie is a beneficial form of human effort, a way of spending time which is sure to improve mankind in the largest sense of the word.

If this conclusion is forced upon us, life might become more painless, but ethics would certainly develop into the most bewildering of all branches of philosophy. Let us see, however, if the matter stands as so stated.

'In all respects' — M. Coué is very emphatic as to these words. Of course they are meant to embrace moral and spiritual improvement. Now if self-forgetfulness is a condition of the highest type of goodness and of power and of beauty of character — if it is, in short, an essential ingredient in all the noblest moral achievement, and if it is also true that M. Coué's formula helps to make this achievement possible, can it be that our rooted dislike of self-complacency, conceit, swagger, and so forth will have to be toned down; that boastfulness has become a virtue; and that when, for instance, Liddon compared Cicero to a big tomcat always purring its own praises, the preacher was not disparaging the orator but commending him?

This hypothesis is not worth discussing. It remains, then, that the self-suggestion method as it has been given us has to a considerable extent succeeded, not because of its egoistic flavor, but in spite of it. That is to say, it must enunciate a truth which is so potent for good that it tells against the influence of its setting. The truth is the general improvement of the individual's whole being: the setting is the double implication (1) that the improvement is the work of the individual, not due to any influence other than the ego; (2) that good is done by the individual directing, regularly and repeatedly, his deepest and most intimate thought to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the satisfactory condition of the self. Now if self-complacency, conceit, and so forth, are to be deprecated, we are forced to the conclusion that while M. Coué's affirmation is sound and often beneficial, there is something in the way it is used which is dangerously near to being morbid. Need this be so?

Certainly not. But the way of avoiding the mischief, and the only way, is to grip firmly the Christian view of the situation, which retains and stresses the fact affirmed, but translates it as God's action through man's experience. At once the morbid associations and hints disappear. But the affirmation is immensely strengthened and sublimated by being made to rest on all that the Christian knows of and hopes from our relation to our Maker. This will hardly be disputed if we turn the formula in question into a statement based entirely on the teaching of Christ, and breathing the same assurance but an infinitely enhanced confidence. This is easily done if we recall the mighty promise (wrongly translated in our Bible as 'Be ye perfect') 'Ye shall be perfect,' and then our formula would become something of this sort, 'Jesus Christ tells me I am to be perfect to-day.'

I have no hesitation in saying that the difficulty of accepting this proposition is simply its sublimity. We are staggered and almost appalled at the demand made upon us, till we remember that unless we assume Jesus Christ to have been a heartless mocker of men, we are bound to treat each command as a promise. In other words, there is no limit set to our possible growth in holiness. The only check to it is caused by the languor of our desire for the fulfillment of the promises — due to the secret doubt as to whether God is concerned to fulfill them, or has the power. M. Coué's teaching on both these questions is pertinent and valuable.

What, then, ought to be the attitude of convinced Christians to the new movement?

It behooves them to discriminate between the sound principles on which M. Coué's teaching is based and the dubious method of applying them; acknowledging meantime that if the oral repetition of a formula tends to produce satisfactory curative results, it is evident that we are getting into closer contact with a psychological law. We shall do well to reflect carefully on how far Christianity embodies all that is true in self-suggestion, but to beware of the timid indolence of mind which has often in the past constrained churchmen to oppose any advance in science, especially if they do not happen to feel the need of it themselves.

Rather let religious people welcome this movement and interpret the teaching so as to show that the cardinal message is essentially not a therapeutic novelty but an echo of the New Testament, and in startling agreement with its tenor, its cautions, and its hopes. We have to notice that M. Coué calls on sufferers 'to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest' a truth of their being: namely, that their normal condition is one of health, bodily and mental. Now if that teaching is true, it is not surprising that the apprehension of it should work curative effects on the being of man, since we know how in the most manifold fashion optimism of spirit quickens bodily vitality.

But there is a vast difference between bare self-suggestion, however successful, and the severely triumphant message of the Gospel, Know ye not that your bodies are temples of the Holy Ghost! Not only is there a far ampler field covered by the Apostolic challenge, — for it deals with the restoration of the whole of humanity and gives us a warrant for accepting the words of Christ quoted above, as referring to spiritual, mental, and bodily potentiali-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ties of man, — but it rivets the assurance on the indestructible conviction of nine tenths of the human race, that we exist in vital dependence on a Higher Power and are being gradually raised to a nobler order of being by the imparting to us of the divine life itself.

M. Coué explains how the reception of this 'unspeakable gift' depends on our believing in it as a fact and acting on it in a peculiarly simple fashion which is dictated by, and in turn increases, our faith. This is exactly the Gospel demand. Our salvation requires, not a constant laborious effort of will fighting against forces of unknown strength, but the quiet confidence that we are already given and may now put into action 'the powers of the world to come.'

It is not within the horizon of our imaginations to measure the greatness of the difference between the two doctrines. Two further points, however, may be mentioned. Both methods or doctrines or systems of treatment of human ills seem likely to be marked in the future, as they have been in the past, by recurrent failure. Self-suggestion by itself — that is, detached alike from Theism and Christianity — is not only dumb in presence of this adversary, but suffers in its own very essence because by each defeat its central claim is undermined. To be successful it requires some confidence: as failure ensues, after each experiment it needs more confidence, for the resistance is shown to be formidable; but it has to work with less and less. It is as if, of two armies starting equal, the defeated one lost at once by transfer a thousand men to the victorious foe; and the issue of any further conflict would be easy to forecast. But the Christian knows that, as he is in the hands of a divine Person who is working for his salvation, failure to obtain a wished-for boon only means that something more desirable is being bestowed.

Secondly, Christians will be very chary of accepting the assumption that in the treatment of illness there is no need to call on the will. First, because it is very doubtful if the imagination can be concentrated on the facts without effort of will; but more emphatically because the renewal of human will-power (after its disablement from sin) by the Incarnation of Christ is a cardinal doctrine of Christianity. The right treatment of any evil assumes, not that our will is feeble, but that it is splendidly strong.

Such is the confidence of hope into which every child of man is called upon to enter. It is based, not on any recondite theory of the relation between the human and the divine, but simply and directly on the deeply rooted, almost universal instincts which have from time immemorial caused the generations of mankind to put their trust in prayer. Unless all prayer is a complete and hollow delusion, the principle of it is the principle of auto-suggestion, which is now revealed afresh in a limited department of human needs; and it remains for all who believe in God to translate it into something no less glorious than a fresh imparting of the Life Eternal.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A HALLAND TALE

BY SELMA LAGERLÖF

From *La Revue Bleue, July* 1
(National Literary and Political Bimonthly)

Sigurd again distinctly saw his father and the solemn air of his warning, the words of which still rang with a grave foreboding sound in his ears: 'Remember that you must never trust one of that race of rascals, which is foreign to us, and which will always betray us. Those fellows are kinsmen of the trolls and the wood sprites, not of ours. That is why they can foretell the future and excel us in the art of music; but it is also for that reason that they will never be honest Christians. They resemble the trolls in this respect also, that they love to glide among us, to cajole and flatter us, and to throw dust in our eyes, so that they may introduce themselves as servants in the peasants' houses, and marry our daughters, and then ruin our farms. But woe unto him who has taken a gypsy into his household! The troll in him will never lose hold on its portion, and it will one day appear. Whether the gypsy wills it or no, he ends by bringing want, and ruin, and misery upon all who had faith in him.'

Sigurd brought these words back before his mind, as he waited in silence for his mother's answer. For her part, she remained mute, delaying her response.

'It would be better if you sent Jan upon his way as soon as possible,' he insisted.

His mother suddenly stopped working, lifted her head, and gazed deep into her son's eyes.

'Jan's race is a matter of indifference to me. I intend to marry him. Friday we shall call on the pastor to have him publish the banns.'

Sigurd was frozen into the stiffness of a statue, but what hurt him most was that he had been kept in ignorance of what was going on, that his mother had made such an important decision without consulting him.

'If everything between you is arranged, it is obviously useless for me to say anything,' he replied, turning around to take his leave.

But, upon opening the door, he found himself face to face with the servant. Jan entered the room with a profoundly sombre expression. His face bore the marks of sorrow, unrelieved by any hope.

'I have heard that Sigurd wants me to go away because I am a gypsy,' he said, approaching his mistress with his hand held out for a farewell clasp. 'Only life on the broad highway remains for me.'

'Don't let Sigurd worry you,' replied the mistress. 'I have told him that we intend to have the banns for our marriage published.'

'There is no use dreaming of that any longer,' replied the servant, and he let himself sink upon the bench as if into a chasm of despair. With his eyes fixed dully on the ground, he remained seated there, nervously tapping his hat with his hand.

'It is useless ever to try to escape from it,' he finally said. 'Whatever you do, no matter if you work until you render up your soul, you are always thwarted. Whoever belongs to a fam-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ily of peasants will never realize what it means to have no other heritage than wretchedness and want. There is no happiness for me, I know it well. I am condemned to resume my life as a horse-dealer and tinker.'

The mistress came nearer to him.

'I have seen your efforts and your willingness. I think that Sigurd must have seen them, too. I hope that his spirit is generous enough to give you credit for what you have done.'

'No, no, that would be asking too much.'

'In any case,' continued the woman, 'I am still mistress here.'

'I shall not stay for one day against Sigurd's will,' interrupted the servant. 'The farm is his inheritance, and I should not wish, by remaining, to be the cause of a quarrel between him and you.'

A long silence followed this declaration. Sigurd felt that his mother was waiting for him to beg Jan to remain with them, and he himself was so deeply touched by the servant's words that he was half disposed to do it. But his father's warning still echoed in his memory. Such a conflict raged within him that he could not utter a single word. He asked himself if there might not be, by way of exception, a fine and trustworthy man among the gypsies, and if Jan were not this exception.

During this time, Jan did not stir. He had stopped playing with his hat, and stared before him with melancholy eyes that seemed to penetrate infinite, desolate spaces.

It was the mother who broke the silence.

'I know the kind of man that you would be if you stayed here with us,' she said. 'I do not want you to fall back into misery again. And I shall follow you if you go away.'

'I will never permit that,' cried Jan. 'After having lived a peasant's life, you would wander through the country as the wife of a gypsy? No, never that!'

Sigurd still held his peace. But he was secretly ashamed. The two others were so ready with fine gestures, with noble acts, while he seemed hard and evil-minded.

The gypsy finally roused himself and walked toward Sigurd with his hand stretched out.

'Good-bye, Sigurd,' he said. 'Believe me when I say that I want nothing that is yours. You have heard so much evil spoken of us that you do not dare to have confidence. Good-bye.'

Sigurd did not take the extended hand, nor did he reply. He was so crushed by Jan's nobility and by his own inferiority that he felt his throat choked with sobs. To conceal his emotions, he rushed out; before reaching the door he burst into tears.

The next day Sigurd was silent and downcast. He sat idle in front of the house on an oak plank which served as a bench. Jan was working at his chores in the yard and the young man followed him with his eyes. Jan finally called out to him, speaking gently and jestingly, as of old. Sigurd was so happy at this that he followed him about all day. His mother also treated him kindly, but he paid her no great attention. He was one of those people who can love only one person at a time, and all the love that he previously felt for her he now conferred upon Jan.

It seemed understood that Sigurd would no longer oppose the marriage; so the banns were published and, a few days later, the ceremony performed. It was a very quiet marriage. Only the nearest neighbors had been invited. Jan was grave; he did not mingle with the young folk, but talked with reasonable people. He made a very good impression; and many of the guests, on their way home, remarked that very

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

probably there were serious men even among the gypsies.

Two or three weeks after the marriage, Jan and Sigurd started to dig a new well. During the work, they found several kinds of earth: first a thin layer of sod, then a layer of fine sand, and finally gravel and clay. They often came upon old knife-blades and keys that had been buried in the course of years. As the work advanced, they took more and more interest in it. They dug vigorously, joking and laughing, curious to find what new discoveries they would make. 'Perhaps,' said Jan, 'there might be gold and silver.' A little lower, they brought to light a second layer of marine sand, and under this another kind of gravel. Seeing it, Jan uttered a cry, leaned forward, and picked up a handful that he squeezed between his fingers. At length, he actually tasted of it.

'Did n't I tell you that we should find gold?' he said.

'What have you found?' asked Sigurd excitedly.

'I shall say nothing without being sure first,' replied the gypsy.

At this moment the mistress called out to Jan.

'Come and help me, Jan,' she cried.

Jan and Sigurd lifted their heads at the same time and gazed over the edge of the well. Two outlandish wagons had come into the yard. Swarthy men with pock-marked and scarred faces, ugly, squat women, and noisy, impudent children followed the wagons, as usual. Sigurd felt nervous, and it also appeared to him that Jan's face darkened noticeably.

'Are you going to chase them away, Jan?' said the woman anxiously.

'What do you want me to chase them away for?' replied Jan, laughing. 'Why, it 's my father and mother and brothers and sisters, and they have come to see what has become of me.'

He jumped out of the well and ran to his family. There was a kind of hesitancy in his manner, but the nearer he approached his family, the more this embarrassment disappeared. When he finally arrived in their midst, he threw his arms eagerly about them and uttered a piercing cry like a man freed from prison. He was crazy with delight. With a single bound he leaped on the back of one of the horses, executed a few pirouettes there, then jumped to the ground to frolic about with his elder brother. He rolled in the dirt with the crowd of wild children, who shrieked with joy.

The whole day was one continuous celebration. Jan did nothing but play the violin. They all drank heavily except Jan, who played the whole time. In the evening they danced; Jan danced as well, but without stopping his playing.

Sigurd remained with them. Although he did not like gypsies at close quarters, he could not resist his desire to watch Jan and listen to his playing. Furthermore, while he listened, he felt his heart grow lighter. His spirit became more carefree. For the first time in his life he realized that it might be a good thing to be alive. At bottom, he had always lived under the oppression of one idea: the heavy task that he had imposed on himself, to fight against the encroachment of the sand, even as his grandfathers had done, and not to let the farm fall into decay. However, it was not forgetting the farm to enjoy himself just this once!

Capricious Fate decreed that Jan the gypsy should never carry out the undertaking of digging the new well. The day after his parents' visit he slept into the afternoon, when a messenger from the richest farmer in the countryside came to find him: Jan was asked to perform a great favor. The farmer was giving his daughter in marriage, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

house was full of people who were eager to dance; but the musician hired for the occasion had announced that he was sick; would not Jan consent to play for them? Jan consented and Sigurd accompanied him. The festivities lasted for three days. When Jan and Sigurd found themselves at home again, they were too tired to work; Sigurd had danced and drunk, jested and made merry: he was like a man half asleep and had not recovered from his astonishment that life could offer such happiness.

As if by intention, visitors always arrived just at the moment they got around to discuss resuming work on the well. Most of the time Jan's family were present. He seemed to be related to all the gypsies in the province, and he received them all with open arms. These receptions cut a large slice out of the provisions and grain of the farm, and when Jan was alone with his wife and Sigurd, he complained of his kinsfolk who were ruining them. But no sooner did a member of his race appear than he would hasten to treat him royally. They often played cards and once a gypsy succeeded in making him bet and lose a cow. Jan pretended that he had sold it, but his wife and Sigurd soon discovered the truth.

The cow was, in Sigurd's eyes, the whole domain; and when he heard that Jan had lost it by gambling, he flew into a violent rage. This incident seemed suddenly to open his eyes and make him see the state of the household.

The Brédané farm was soon so poor that the strictest economy was necessary to maintain it. Poverty had increased under the régime of Jan the gypsy. Sigurd had the impression of having spent the whole last year in a dream. He had not seen how much of the fields was covered by sand. In the spring, Jan had even sown into the sand and only a few poor shoots had appeared. Sigurd's inheritance seemed to be completely wasted away.

Sigurd came back into the house to speak seriously to Jan, but Jan played, and, not wishing to interrupt him, Sigurd sat and listened. As usual, his soul was at peace under the influence of this music. He dreamed of how hard, how dull, how severe his life had been before Jan's arrival; and he came to the point of asking himself whether he really would care to resume it.

Suddenly Jan stopped his playing.

'Tell me something, Sigurd,' he began in a very soft voice. 'Do you want me to go away and leave you in peace, you and what belongs to you?'

Sigurd was so astonished, because he was just reflecting how to get rid of him, that he did not know what to reply.

'You have only to speak one word if you wish to see me no longer,' continued Jan.

Sigurd's heart contracted painfully at the idea of separation from Jan.

'No, I want you to stay,' he finally replied.

'Then do not hold me responsible for the fate of your inheritance,' said Jan solemnly, 'because the offer I just made you was serious and carefully considered.'

The time soon came when Sigurd took to running about the country behind the wagons of the gypsies. Nothing was left in the pantry, no servant was in the house, no cow in the stable. There was scarcely a horse and wagon that Jan had not license to sell. One day Jan resolutely hitched up their last horse in the wagon and loaded down the latter with pots and pans, old blankets and cushions, their poor clothes, and finally his own tinker's tools. Last of all, he called to his wife. She came out of the house with a baby in her arms and took her place in the wagon.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sigurd had made no preparations. He looked at what the others were doing without moving. 'Come what may, I shall never leave the farm,' he said to himself. 'Even though I die of hunger, I shall remain.'

Jan and Sigurd's mother appeared to consider it settled that he should stay. Neither of them said a word to make him change his mind. But, as the hour of separation approached, Sigurd's heart beat more and more heavily. However, he said good-bye to them, and let them depart without leaving his place in front of the house. But when the wagon left the yard, the horror of solitude took possession of the young man and he had to grasp the bench with both hands to keep himself from running after them. At this moment Jan turned and looked back at Sigurd once more. Sigurd stood up and Jan, seeing this, signaled to him to come. In two or three long strides, Sigurd caught up to the wagon and climbed into it.

In this fashion Sigurd followed Jan for over two years in his wanderings throughout the country. As a rule, he and Jan walked beside the wagon in which the woman was seated with the child. Whenever a fair was going on, whether it was down in Smaaland or far off in Scania, they were present. There they would meet whole tribes of wandering people, and pass days of revelry with them; Jan took to strong drink and Sigurd also became an habitual drinker. Toward Christmas, when the terrible cold comes, they regained Brédané, to remain there as long as the provisions they had begged lasted. When their food was exhausted, they would take to the road again.

It was nothing more or less than the nomadic existence that gypsies had always led ever since they had come to Sweden, and Jan asked for nothing better than to follow it always. What stroke of foolishness had formerly made him content with a settled life? He craved liberty — freedom to play the vagabond to his heart's content.

On seeing them, anyone would have said that Sigurd was happy with his new life and that the friendship between him and Jan was at all times very warm. However, there were indications of an internal anxiety that gnawed at Sigurd. He drank heavily, not like a person who is fond of alcohol for its own sake, but like a man who drinks to drown a sorrow. He had also become very irritable, and the least bit of trouble would throw him into a violent rage.

One day it so happened that they were following a road which bordered on a great empty plain. Attempts had been made there to bind down the sand by planting pine trees. A young growth had appeared on the very edge of the road. In passing, Jan amused himself by rooting it out with a few kicks.

'What are you doing?' cried Sigurd with a harsh voice, knitting his eyebrows together.

It looked as though he were about to fling himself upon the gypsy.

'I am sending this wretched plant on its way and I should like to do the same thing to all of them,' replied Jan.

'What harm has that little pine done you?' demanded Sigurd.

'I can't explain to you how that is,' said Jan, 'but we gypsies delight in countries where there are bare plains and open spaces, and wherever the peasant sows and plants we cannot stay long.'

'That may be,' said Sigurd, 'but you are going to do me the favor of immediately replanting that poor pine.'

Jan seemed not to comprehend; he looked at him in wide-eyed astonishment.

'Plant it again, you understand. If

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you don't you will see what will happen to you the day I am of age.'

Jan bent down without reply and replanted the pine. While getting up he cast an evil, lowering glance on Sigurd but never uttered a word.

The neighbors were much astonished that Sigurd, who was of such good family, could remain among the gypsies, and they expected him to leave them when he became of age. If he had that intention, he could not have realized it, for the very day that he was twenty-one he was arrested for stealing a horse.

Jan, his mother, and he had set out on one of their regular vagabonding expeditions, and on that particular morning Jan had awakened Sigurd to drive the wagon, as he himself was called upon to play at a festival.

'If you don't go too fast, I shall catch up to you early to-morrow,' he said in parting.

Sigurd reflected upon many things that day as he drove and walked beside the wagon. He had always quieted his scruples by promising himself that, once of age, he would definitely return to Brédané to resume his father's work, but he realized that morning that he had neither the courage nor the strength to do this. All the property was covered with sand, not one foot of fertile soil remained, and around the house, even against the walls, the sand was piled like drifts of snow. What would he do? What was the use of expending his efforts on a hopeless task?

Hardly had Sigurd arrived at the conclusion that it would be better to abandon the idea of establishing himself at Brédané, when he heard his name called by two men who were running behind him. He stopped the wagon; the two men began to examine his horse. It was a new horse. Jan had brought it in the previous evening, saying that he purchased it from a peasant in Frillesas. But it appeared that the horse was stolen, and Sigurd, who was driving it, was arrested as a thief.

The accusation did not greatly disturb Sigurd: he had a crowd of witnesses to testify that he had not so much as been to Frillesas the night before. He let himself be led to prison very peaceably, certain that he would be acquitted after the affair came before the court.

The first person that Sigurd noticed in the audience was Jan. He was in the centre of a group of gypsies. 'Jan has brought them here to get me out,' he said to himself, for all these men knew where he had been on the day of the theft. But when the witnesses were summoned, he found that one after another of them had seen him on the road to Frillesas, had seen him even in the village. There were some who had met him in the middle of the night with a stolen horse.

Jan being unable to testify, Sigurd waited impatiently for him to get up and, in one way or another, put an end to all these lies. But Jan made no effort to help him out, and while things were turning against Sigurd, his face assumed an expression of profound distress. Once their eyes met, and then Jan regarded Sigurd as a good father looks upon a son who has turned out badly.

Sigurd was stunned for a moment by this glance. Then a smile spread upon his lips. He had seen that everything written on Jan's face was false. He had seen that Jan was happy, that Jan had planned the trick, and that Jan had schemed to send him to prison.

And, inexplicably, as he took account of Jan's betrayal a sudden feeling of joy ran through Sigurd. He was astonished at himself. He understood that he would be sentenced to hard labor for several years and yet he felt like one who has recovered his liberty.

When he was led back to his cell and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

found himself alone, he realized that he had become another man. The very instant his eyes had plunged into the soul of Jan the gypsy and had discovered that he was false and wicked at the bottom, Sigurd had been delivered from an evil spell. He had been in the power of a vagabond, and there was a great joy in his soul at being free again. But in awakening to reality he saw also what he had become, and he was afraid.

The next day, led back before the court, he hardly tried to defend himself. What if he were innocent and people thought him guilty! He felt that he was a great criminal. He was in a state of mind when he loved to suffer. Moreover, he was glad to be so violently separated from the past, from all that had tempted and seduced him.

When the sentence was pronounced, Sigurd scarcely realized what it meant, because that very moment he had condemned himself to hard labor for life: that was the task of his ancestors which he decided to resume, however hopeless it might seem.

At length a day came when Sigurd returned to his deserted home and valiantly set about his work. He arranged to hire himself out during the winter in building a barn; in the spring he went back to Brédané, having earned enough to live until the following autumn.

He tried raising groves of pines and sowing oats in order to check the sand. He worked without success but doggedly, as he had condemned himself to do.

One day he thought it would be a good idea to have a well near the house; he began digging in the place where he and Jan had formerly begun to work. When he had come to a certain depth, he struck a layer of limestone soil. Now in Scania he had learned that this was rich earth and, although he had become a very sensible and calm man, he jumped with joy.

There he had found the way, not only of making himself master of the sand, but also of making it fertile. An end to his hopeless forced labor! Work full of promise and pleasure opened itself before him. He already saw himself proprietor of a beautiful farm, rich and prosperous.

Suddenly he remembered that, in the work of digging the well, Jan had seized a lump of clay and looked at it carefully, saying that he was sure he had discovered gold.

'He saw the limestone, he recognized its value, he knew of the whole thing!' reflected Sigurd. 'And he chose to wander and beg rather than to stay on the farm and make us all rich.'

But this thought awoke no bitterness or hate in him, nothing but pity. He understood that the gypsy could not reason or act otherwise. He was of another breed and compelled to live according to the laws of his kind. Whether that brought happiness or misfortune on himself and others, he could not change his nature.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BALLADE TO OUR LADY OF CZESTOCHOWA

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

[*New Statesman*]

I

Splendor and Queen and Mystery manifold
And very Regent of the untroubled sky,
Whom in a dream St. Hilda did behold
And heard a woodland music passing by:
You shall receive me when the clouds are high
With evening and the sheep attain the fold.
This is the faith that I have held and hold,
And this is that wherein I mean to die.

II

Steep are the seas and savaging and cold
In broken waters terrible to try;
And vast against the winter night the wold,
And harborless for any sail to lie.
Yet have you heard above the waves a cry.
And hanged above the hills a cusp of gold.
This is the faith that I have held and hold,
And this is that in which I mean to die.

III

Help of the half-defeated, Helm of old,
Shrine of the Sword, and Tower of Ivory;
Standing apart, supreme and aureoled,
The Battler's vision and the World's reply.
You shall restore me, O my last Ally,
To vengeance and the glories of the bold.
This is the faith that I have held and hold,
And this is that in which I mean to die.

Envoi

Prince of the degradations, bought and sold,
These verses, written in your crumbling sty,
Proclaim the faith that I have held and hold,
And publish that in which I mean to die.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MY IRISH-AMERICAN FRIENDS

BY F. SCHORNEMANN

From *Die Hilfe, June 25*
(Berlin Evangelical-Conservative Political and Literary Review)

During nine years in America I became acquainted with many Irishmen, old and young, in all stages of Americanization. They ranged from those who were twenty per cent American to those who were one hundred and twenty per cent American. Young Irish men and women were among my students. I knew many socially. I had to deal with many Irishmen in various official relations — on the police force, on the railways, at the post office. They are especially numerous in New England. Naturally most of these immigrants originally come from the poorer classes. They are an aggressive and combative race, and instinctively take to politics. Whether educated or uneducated, they are invariably cordial and agreeable; they possess an inexhaustible fund of good nature and humor; but they are emotional and excitable, and not always easy to deal with. Their imagination often carries them away.

My first unpleasant experience in New York was with an Irish cabman who demanded an exorbitant price for taking me from a hotel in Hoboken to New York. As my knowledge of the English language was not adequate at this time for such an emergency, I sought the aid of my landlady. There was a short, violent passage of arms, ending in a victory for us. The Irish woman speedily put to rout the Irish man.

Later my wife and I hunted vainly for lodgings in the New England town that became our home, because the native Americans would have nothing to do with us despised foreigners. Finally, a humble Irish family gave us shelter. We regarded this as an act of courtesy. But our hosts could not help us socially. Our college colleagues did not call upon us. The same thing happened when I took lodgings with another Irish family. The Anglo-American upper classes in the United States, who run national politics and set the standards in education, art, literature, and public opinion, refuse to associate with the Irish, and thus force an artificial segregation of the two nationalities. Irish Catholics are not popular with the Anglo-Saxon Protestants. I first learned of the latter prejudice from an Anglo-American neighbor, who took pains to caution me against a family that lived next door to me. I could not understand his objection at first, and thought it was the mere fact that they were Irish, until he told me explicitly that it was because the man was a Catholic.

One observes this mutual aloofness in political life. The Republican Party is not only the party of the wealthy, but also of the cultivated; to it belong 'all people you invite to your house' — that is, Americans of English descent. The Irish — like the German-Americans when they first came to America — belong to the Democratic Party, which is rather more the party of the common people. The Irish compensate themselves for the native American monopoly of national politics, by pretty nearly running things in local

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

politics. This arouses immense indignation among the so-called better classes in Eastern cities. For instance, the Irish school-boards largely control the appointment of school-teachers, and as a result American families send their children by preference to private schools. It is not until he has intermarried with people of the old stock, or distinguished himself in the business or professional world, that an Irish-American is received in the better social circles.

Among several postmen who at different times delivered my mail in America, only one was of English birth. He was an unpleasant, arrogant fellow, who tried to spy upon me as a Hun. The Irish postmen cautioned me against him. Up to the time that America actually entered the war, I was treated most cordially by these Irish mailmen. We always had something to talk about — city or state politics, the last reports in the newspapers, and often their family affairs. For instance, the morning that the submarine Deutschland reached America, an Irish friend came to me and said: 'Shake hands, Doctor.' That was all, but it spoke volumes.

However, from 1917 on, my Irish friends cautiously avoided discussing international affairs with me. Until then they had opposed vigorously the insincere pro-English neutrality of the United States, but they would not tolerate anything against America herself. Wilson also had a great influence over them. I recall only one Irishman, among several clever men of that race whom I knew, who saw through Wilson from the first.

But though the Irish became politically alienated from my own point of view, their personal relations with me continued most friendly. Even in the days when we 'Huns' were universally reviled, the Irish were always kind and considerate; and this was true although their official responsibility required them to keep close watch on our movements and to hamper our freedom in many ways.

However, what I report as to their kindliness and personal consideration must not mislead Germans into misinterpreting the political sentiments of the Irish in the United States, as so many of our people, both in Germany and America, are prone to do. The Irish and the Germans are akin in their dislike and opposition to whatever is English; but if the Irishman is anti-English, as a rule this does not make him a pro-German. English is his mother tongue, and this fact alone forms a barrier between him and ourselves. When it comes to serious decisions, he instinctively sides with the people who speak English. That tendency is irresistible. A man speaking English is, after all, the man he understands and trusts.

Let me repeat a little anecdote to illustrate this. Two intoxicated 'Americans' clambered into a street car. Their accent betrayed them as respectively of Irish and German birth. The Irishman was very noisy, and his German friend tried to quiet him. Thereupon he turned upon the latter and said: 'Shut up, you dirty foreigner.'

We Germans also have a greatly exaggerated idea of the strength of the Irish vote — which, for that matter, is just as National-American as the vote of the oldest natives. In any question affecting America, the Irish will invariably stand by their adopted country. Last of all, the Irish in America are no more united than are the Germans in that country. Let me cite the case of two excellent examples of representative Irish people whom I knew personally.

One of these had the reputation of being the most trustworthy man in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

city where I lived. He did not enjoy the advantage of an education, but possessed great native shrewdness, and it was always a pleasure to converse with him. He had arrived in America a penniless immigrant, and had acquired a fortune by his own thrift and industry. Beginning as a common laborer, he had become a wealthy real-estate owner. Whenever he spoke of the old country he would grow enthusiastic, although he knew nothing of Irish affairs except what he read in American papers. His children, all of whom had been born in the United States, were well-educated, and might pass anywhere for Anglo-Americans. To them Ireland was little more than a name. If their father had not been a wealthy and universally respected man, they probably would have been ashamed of his brogue. So far as they were concerned, they were one hundred per cent Americans, and resented being mistaken for anything else.

The second was an honest Irish washerwoman, very much of a character. She worked for my family for five years. That was a significant fact, and one that gave us a great attachment to her, because certain members of her family tried to turn her against us Germans during the first months of the war. However, she was immovable in her loyalty to us, although she thought like the rest of her countrymen regarding Germany. Her family was an excellent illustration of the rapidity with which industrious people can get ahead in America. She and her husband worked hard in order that their children might enjoy a better position in the world. Parents and children were devoted to each other. But the children were wholly American. They did not take the slightest interest in the weal and woe of Ireland. Their grandmother over there was still alive, but they seldom heard from her. All their uncles and aunts had been in the United States for many years. Whenever they had a family reunion, and on St. Patrick's Day, they would wear a green ribbon and perhaps sing sentimental Irish airs. The old people might feel a vague pang of regret, but still their dominant sentiment was pride and pleasure at seeing their children get ahead. In a few rare instances the Irish Americans preserve their old native traditions intact, but as a body they are politically lost to their mother country.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A PAGE OF VERSE

SUN

BY THEODORE MAYNARD

[*New Witness*]

Sleeper in primal darkness, who first heard
God break eternal silence with a word
That stirred the chaos into form and flame;
That clove the day from night; that gave a name
In turn to every torch-enkindled star —
Eldest brother, thou, to all things that are!
Beneath thy ray, revealed in light and shade,
Water took wings; the firmament was made;
And earth, arising out of ocean, bore
Fruit trees whose seed lies at the fruit's deep core.
And thou and thy sweet sister moon were given
Dominion o'er the burning lamps of heaven,
Which mark the seasons and which pull the tides
And hold the line where day from night divides.

Warmed through, the great sea-monsters spouted foam;
Fish swam the seas; the wild birds built a home;
The long procession of the beasts began;
And God in his own image created man.

Thy raging anger through the cosmos sheds
A benediction on a billion heads.
Thine is the heart at which creation stands,
Toasting before thy fire its sides and hands.
Thy universal domesticity
Comforts the purring cat, the apple tree,
The dragon fly and all things that draw life,
As equally as Adam and his wife.

When the last frozen fountain is released,
And the last harvest of the world increased
By thy beneficence; when last there dies
Sunset as an emperor upon the skies;
When, neither feeble nor with breast grown cold,
Thou perish as the prophet has foretold —
Washed over and drowned in dreadful seas of blood —
And earth is drenched with fire as with a flood:
If (as I think may be) each man may take
Some relic of the sun — for her dear sake
I'll choose that shaft of light she used to wear
On sunny days amid her mortal hair.

THE SINGER

BY H. H.

[*Morning Post*]

The color of the rose is in your song,
And all the tints of the unfolding trees,
The ever-changing hues of sunlit seas,
The flame within the corn where poppies throng;
The ripple of the grass, the glow of sun,
And all the wonder of a summer night
When through the skies the stars take silver flight —
Sing on, sing on!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WIMBLEDON ECHOES

Now that the dust of the Suzanne-Molla tennis-battle has cleared, it is amusing to observe the attention it attracted in the English press. Any temptation to regard the human foibles involved in a slightly humorous light was resisted. To such connoisseurs of sportmanship as the British, there was a wealth of material. But the criticism was never harsh. Suzanne's superiority was graciously acknowledged, though her behavior at Forest Hills last year was not forgotten. The *Daily Telegraph* said, 'It did not "exactly" reverse Forest Hills. When Mlle. Lenglen had lost the first set, at 2–6, to Mrs. Mallory "over there," she retired on the ground of physical distress. When "Molla" had lost the first set, 2–6, on Saturday, she had no more thought of retiring than the girl who had waited twelve hours for the match to begin, and then, squeezed out in the rush, had seen it, hoisted on the friendly shoulders of a commissionaire.' The *Westminster Gazette* reported that 'Mlle. Lenglen had the gallery against her through the first set; it was lukewarm for half the second. And then, with a dramatic suddenness, the change came in the fourth game.' Her superiority eventually received the praise it deserved. But, for the most part, no journalistic comment was made on the personalities of the two stars. America was credited with excellent sportmanship in defeat.

❧

IS THERE A RENAISSANCE?

Under this title, M. Albéric Cahuet, in *La Petite Illustration*, inquires into the present artistic condition of France. The subject of his brief disquisition is a pronouncement on Émile Faguet by M. Fortunat Strowski, in which the contention is made that there is a distinct awakening in French letters. Such optimism, declares M. Cahuet, is too much of a good thing. He maintains that any literary activity is due chiefly to the post-war reaction. He finds no beacons on the literary horizon. 'The world of letters is suffering from a sickness similar to that which followed the decay of naturalism after the publication of *La Terre*, which has lasted a third of a century. We search for masters. Definite doctrine does not exist in our country . . . foreign models and formulas of art no longer influence our literature. In short, everything drifts aimlessly about, steered only by mere chance.'

M. Cahuet later agrees with M. Strowski in his praise of Pierre Hamp, Jean Marquet, and Gaston Chévrau. But he points out that M. Strowski, who was recently rejoicing in the death of realism, is now praying for its recovery. It might be interesting to hear M. Cahuet's opinions on literature outside his own country. They would probably not be very different.

❧

'Q'

In the fields both of literature and of learning, few men in England are more universally loved and admired than Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, Regius Professor of English Literature in the University of Cambridge. True, his high-sounding title may deafen the ears of others than himself to any discordant notes. As novelist and anthologist, he has long been justly famous; and now as critic and 'appreciator,' he charms the public ear with a beautiful and abundant flow of words. In fact, his genius is chiefly oratorical. A sin-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cere love of literature is expressed in such compelling speech that enthusiastic response is immediate. The pedants sometimes accuse Sir Arthur of superficiality, — they do not say ignorance, — but such remarks are shouted down by a vigorous majority. Contentiousness and a too ready yielding to convenient theory are his only serious defects. Already he has published several series of lectures delivered at Cambridge and another book has recently been added to the list.

Studies in Literature, his latest performance, touches upon Chaucer, *Antony and Cleopatra*, Milton, Shelley, Dickens, Byron, and the Victorian Age. All are delightful and stimulating reading, though they suffer from a lack of editing which results in the presence of too much material suited only to the lecture-room. Perhaps the least happy essay is the attempt to rebut Mr. Strachey on the subject of Queen Victoria, where sentiment blinds the Professor to some of the most important points. The constant assaults on pedantry are frankly boring; nobody supposes that German scholarship is the ultimate word on Shakespeare or that all Victorians were nincompoops. Sir Arthur himself is a sufficient answer to these ideas. But some personal prepossessions may be pardoned in a man of his position and influence. He is the most popular professor in one of the world's greatest seats of learning and this book well shows how much he deserves the praise that England is proud to heap upon him.

✿

CRITICIZING IBÁÑEZ

Spanish critics are none too kindly to Blasco Ibáñez. Their envy of his fat royalties has become a commonplace of continental literary gossip. One of these critics, writing in *Heraldo de Madrid*, characterizes that author's work, *Sangre y Arena* (*Blood and Sand*), as 'a turbid, bastard thing, a thing for America . . . a work that none would ever hear of did it not bear Blasco Ibáñez's name.'

This author's recent visit to his native country started a colossal advertising campaign. Spanish newspapers described at great length his million dollars, his fabulous royalties, his self-idolatry, and his contempt for Spanish politics. The last quality does not distinguish him from the average run of Spaniards. They also devoted columns to fantastic accounts of another of his enterprises, as fabulous as his literary feats, the filming of *Blood and Sand*.

✿

MUSICAL VIENNA

In starving Vienna, the great hunger is still for music. After desperate years of struggle, the capital on the blue Danube remains a musical centre, a Mecca for artistic pilgrims. Lovers of music have regretfully speculated as to what might be the ultimate fate of the city where Mozart, Brahms, Beethoven, Gluck, and the waltz kings of operetta composed their masterpieces. Dr. Julius Korngold, in the London *Morning Post*, holds out some hope. The Opera, under the combined direction of Franz Schalk and Richard Strauss, is giving, as a rule, the best performances in the world. The only drawback is that the presence of Strauss brings back the 'star' system which had been banished from Vienna for some decades. The Opera is even jestingly referred to as 'Richard Strauss's Theatre.' Then, too, Frau Jenitza has left for New York and Lotte Lehmann has gone to the Argentine. However, the orchestra, under the direction of Felix Weingartner, is unsurpassed and continues to give its eight Philharmonic midday concerts. And in its magnificent Opera House Vienna has a superb setting for the performances.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Concert life is also keeping up to its past traditions. The Society of Vienna Friends of Music, at one time conducted by Johannes Brahms, occupies a leading position in this field. The Vienna Male Choral Society remains the finest glee society in Europe or America. Chamber music, always an important feature in the musical life of the city, is frequently being performed in private houses. In fact, Vienna is the scene, during eight months of the year, of a continuous and varied concert life. Though foreigners vastly outnumber the native stock in the artistic world, the kernel is still Viennese, and keeps alive the old traditions. The new public of new rich, from the Little and Great Entente, are proving ready pupils and enthusiastic audiences. The musical spirit exhaled by the very soil of the city has not lost its infectiousness.

The economic depression is making itself felt chiefly in the passing of the café. Once the resort of Mozart, Brahms, and Johann Strauss, this institution has either disappeared or lost its significance as a musical factor. The bourgeoisie, who once patronized it, have been compelled by poverty to cede their place to the foreigner. The part played by the café in the musical activity of Vienna was always an important one; the Café Museum was the birthplace of many light operas; singers used to gather in the Opera Café; the Café Dobner was the scene of an annual 'Actors' Exchange.' In spite of this loss, the great impetus of musical tradition is still powerful enough to maintain Vienna in the place she has always held.

✽

MODERN THEATRICAL ART

THE success of the efforts of Mr. Gordon Craig and other modern experimenters in dramatic presentation is clearly shown in the International Theatrical Exhibition in London. In a long article in the *Daily Telegraph*, Sir Claude Phillips praises the work of Mr. Craig and says that Germany, Russia, the Netherlands, and Switzerland have been the scenes of the most important progress in this art of the theatre, the importance of which should not be underestimated. In fact, to make an appropriate and beautiful setting for great plays and great performers is, as Sir Claude says, a most necessary work. 'A new way of looking at an old thing,' but not novelty for its own sake, is the guiding principle of Mr. Craig. His interpretations of *Hamlet* are almost too stark in their lack of all affectation, but his settings for the *Tempest* are of rare beauty and charm.

Stage art in Germany has been developed to a high point, as this exhibition shows. What is lacking in the imaginative field is redeemed by the variety and success of mechanical effects. Max Rheinhardt and Ernst Stern are the two chief figures in the German group. The former, in the light of the way he mishandled the *Merchant of Venice* and *Faust*, is the recipient of too much and too lavish praise, particularly in his own country. Still, it would be most unfair to belittle the contributions his country has made to modern theatrical art.

It is curious to find France, the leader in so much modern art, so far behind in this field. In general, her exhibitions are only of moderate interest, except the *Twelfth Night* and other settings used in the *Théâtre du Vieux Colombier*. A design for a national theatre in Amsterdam, by H. Th. Wijdevelt, in the Belgian exhibit, strikes Sir Claude Phillips as 'repulsively ugly.'

As for the Russian exhibits, there is no gainsaying their vigor and imaginative variety, despite some crudeness of draftsmanship. The outstanding features of this section are two settings of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stravinsky's Chinese opera-ballet, *Le Rossignol*, by Alexandre Benoît. The exhibition cannot fail to provoke admiration for the efforts and ingenuity of the theatrical artists, whatever one's personal tastes. It affords to all lovers of dramatic art an excellent opportunity for careful and serious study.

❦

GEORGIAN STORIES

THE Georgians are again upon us, clamoring for attention in a volume entitled *Georgian Stories*, the editor of which has chosen to conceal his identity from a not overcurious public. Among the literary artists included are D. H. Lawrence, Somerset Maugham, W. L. George, May Sinclair, and Katherine Mansfield. As was to be expected, all forms of morbidity are present in liberal quantities. There is little savor of the taste left in the mouths of an earlier generation by the short stories of Stevenson, Galsworthy, Hardy, Kipling, or even Wells. The short story is a form of literary art in which anything short of approximate perfection, on no matter how small a scale, is most irritating.

And yet this book should not be neglected by any student of modern literary developments, for here is the work, in however brief a form, of the only significant, concerted movement in English fiction of recent years. The *Times Literary Supplement*, nevertheless, calls the authors 'a dismal gathering.' As examples, it cites: 'Mr. W. L. George, Miss Tennyson Jesse, Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, Mr. Lennox Robinson — all these give us a murder apiece. Miss Violet Hunt introduces a whole coach-load of murderers — ghosts, it is true, but still most murderously unabashed. Mr. W. S. Maugham tells a story of a scandal and a suicide. Mr. D. H. Lawrence and Mr. Oliver Onions deal with two different forms of mania. Miss May Sinclair writes briefly but mercilessly of an idiot child. . . . Mr. Arnold Lunn drags to light the story of a school scandal in which everybody comes out badly. Miss Elinor Mordaunt lingers ironically over the doom of a brutal and licentious husband. . . . The world, it would appear, is inconceivably sad and bad and mad to all but two or three of the Georgian story-tellers.' The reason for so much lunacy and blood may be due to a sombre outlook on life on the part of the editor, for the other work of these writers, though often grotesque, does not always provide the brooding Freudian with such a wealth of material.

These Georgians, as Mr. Gosse points out, have had things very much their own way. In spite of some internal squabbles, they present a more or less united front of opposition to all 'Victorianism' and most forms of moral discretion. Such books as this provide an excellent bone of critical contention. The conservatives are being joined by the newly formed, extreme left wing of *da-daists* in an assault on the citadel, though each might deny any acquaintance with the other. The Georgians must gird up their loins and show some better excuse than this book for their claim to consideration as serious artists.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS ABROAD

Aaron's Rod, by David Herbert Lawrence. London: Martin Secker, 1922. *7s. 6d.*

[*Sunday Times*]

A READER aware of the position generally accorded to Mr. D. H. Lawrence in the literary hierarchy of the day, and unacquainted with the previous work by which that position has been secured, may well wonder under the inspiration of what malignant genius he was persuaded to produce his last book, *Aaron's Rod*. For, viewed on its own individual merit, — the only honest fashion in which to judge of any artistic production, — it is an extremely poor piece of work. That it does not contain anything that could by the extremest stretch of courtesy be called a story would matter little: the same might be said of many novels of outstanding merit. That it does not, among the crowd of figures which people its pages, contain a single recognizable human character, or one in whose fortunes the reader can feel the slightest sympathetic interest, is a much more serious indictment, and a true one. The figures move about a good deal, and talk interminably, but they do nothing, only sway to and fro like so many stiff-jointed puppets tied to the tails of so many invisible balloons, and they say nothing that can leave any intelligent being any the better or much the worse for having listened to it.

[*Westminster Gazette*]

MR. D. H. LAWRENCE has never written anything more steeped in the peculiar dye of beauty which is his gift to and discovery in English literature than the first chapter of *Aaron's Rod*. In it he takes us back to the world of *Sons and Lovers*, a world in which the sharp edge of delight, when it cuts through the squalor of material things, is keener than it can be in any place where the contrasts are less violent.

If only Mr. Lawrence could be persuaded that to the mature mind nothing is so boring as sex unsublimated, — if only he could be persuaded that the reading world can find its philosophy in the work of philosophers, and that a man of his genius can never give us enough of his first-hand impressions and experiences of life itself, can never record too often or too minutely the reflections made on his hypersensitive vision by the tangible glories of Man and Nature, — how splendid a work of art he might yet give to the world!

[*Observer*]

AFTER a railway accident, just as after an air-raid, ordinary people lose their customary inhibitions, forget conventional distinctions. There is a certain wildness, a certain beauty, and a certain terror in such exceptional conditions. Imaginative writers have occasionally invented a wreck, cast their characters on a desert island, in order to give them a freedom which otherwise might seem too unusual. Mr. Lawrence has no need of such aid. He is obsessed by a sense of the immediate danger of life, by the break-up of our old standards and solicitudes. He exaggerates the extent, if not the depth, of this break-up, and all his personages move with the freedom, speak and act with the license, of persons knowingly living at the end of the age, darkly awaiting some awful revelation which may blast, or save, or do both. He is a skeptical prophet, uttering now words of power and beauty, now speaking with tongues in a way which is of no profit to the congregation, and at times apparently possessed by a spirit of profanity and blasphemy.

Aaron's Rod is far from being a good novel; but it has elements of greatness rare in modern fiction; and it makes us more hopeful than any recent work of its author that he is still capable of fulfilling the remarkable promise which was found in the first half of *Sons and Lovers* or such a story as *Daughters of the Vicar*.

England, by an Overseas Englishman. London: John Lane, 1922. *6s.*

[*Manchester Guardian*]

STARTING from the familiar judgment that 'the cause of the declension of Rome was the overlaying of the national by the Imperial character,' an 'Overseas Englishman' warns us that the same thing is happening under our eyes today. He produces a startling array of facts that a moment's consideration of the prominent names in politics, the army, navy, law, Church, the arts, and the Civil Service will confirm. Many strokes in the picture of decadence have little connection with race: the growth of town life is the real explanation. But when all deductions for crudity and overemphasis have been made, the warning is not an idle one. No thoughtful observer would deny that a cosmopolitan capital has a fatal tendency to become *colluvies nationum*, that the war took a terrible toll of the best English blood, and that alien elements have multiplied of late with unprecedented rapidity in our public life. Can all this alien matter be assimilated without the loss of the characteristics to which England owes her greatness? The 'blood-poisoning' of the nation may easily be something more serious than a sensational metaphor.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Judge, by Rebecca West. London: Hutchinson. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Sunday Times*]

THERE is nothing in the world — at least, of merely human creation — so good that it might not be better, and some very good and delightful things fall exasperatingly short of a quite attainable degree of excellence. Such a good and delightful thing is Miss Rebecca West's last novel, *The Judge*, of which it is mere justice to say that in certain qualities of prime importance — notably literary excellence — it stands upon a very high plane indeed. But in some other respects, perhaps of even greater importance to the general reader of fiction than style, it falls short of that measure of perfection a writer so able as Miss West might easily have attained. It would have gained hugely by compression, both of verbiage and of characterization. Miss West is good at description, at direction of character, at philosophic disquisition upon the accidents of life, but she is a little too fond of displaying her gifts in all those directions. Also, she damps the interest of the first half of her story by the always able, but too meticulous, presentation of characters which, however well-drawn and personally interesting, have little or nothing to do with the development of the main theme. But, when all is said and done, *The Judge* remains a book of singular charm and remarkable power, and is certain of a warm welcome from all lovers of good fiction.

[*Observer*]

ALTHOUGH Ellen Melville is evidently marked out for tragedy from the first page of this her history, we wonder if Miss West has not been a little too opulent in her treatment of this little Scotch lassie, who has the good and ill fortune to be loved by Richard Yaverland. Reading *The Judge* is like reading the early history of one of those old, passionate women of Ibsen's — women from whose pasts he used to construct tragedies of vehement negation, of controlled and diverted force.

Yet what a comfort it is to find a modern novel against which our only complaint is one of excess! There is a richness both of sentiment and humor, a generosity of outlook, and many snatches of wisdom which could scarcely have been anticipated either from Miss West's previous novel or from her critical work. There is a diffused poetry in the style, a glad use of metaphor; an appreciative understanding of the good and bad points in Scotch character that reminds us at times of Sir James Barrie — Ellen, indeed, is a Barrie character, and her mother a beautiful foil to Richard's severe, tremendous Marion. *The Judge* makes us anxious that Miss Rebecca West should devote herself to imaginative, rather than to critical, work; but we are not sure that she will not find that the drama rather than the novel is her proper medium. Its greater rigidity of form should help curb that exuberance which is the only conspicuous fault of her novel.

Real Property, by Harold Monro. London: The Poetry Bookshop. 2*s.* 6*d.* paper; 3*s.* 6*d.* boards.

[*Glasgow Herald*]

THOUGH the form of the first part of *Real Property* is poetic, its manner is metaphysical, and, despite the author's assurance, the unifying idea would not be so easily perceived as he imagines but for the title. . . . Introspection is the prevailing note of the book; but its voice is that of all of us in our clear evening moods, when regret goes hand in hand with beauty, and this gives it universality. Its thought is distilled, and its pure poetic quality is only likely to be perceived and enjoyed after frequent reading. But its poetry is not the sort that will pall with frequence.

Mes souvenirs sur le théâtre libre, by Antoine. Paris: Fayard, 1922. 6*fr.* 50.

[Paul-Émile Cadilhac in *Le Livre des Livres*]

ANTOINE'S memories — what a magic title! To-day it is about the fluctuating history of the *théâtre libre* that its creator, Antoine, has to tell us. Its beginnings are not well understood and people are too ready to fancy that no dramatists were played there except Frenchmen of the naturalist school and foreigners — Ibsen, Turgenev, and their like. Nothing could be falser. The stage was in reality one of the most eclectic, with fewer characteristics of the *petit cénacle* than any other in Paris. To be sure, Goncourt, Metenier, and the five from Medan supplied the house, but at the same time pieces were being given there by Mendès, Bergerat, Nanville, and Villiers de l'Isle Adam. *L'Abbesse de Jouarre* and *Père Lebonnard*, in particular, revealed young writers who have since gone far. Lavedan, Brieux, Pierre Wolff, and Porto-Riche were others. . . .

Written in a lively, conversational, and appealing style, these memories take hold of you and you see living again that admirable period when the taste for the natural in acting and exactness in staging — in a word, the humble truth — brought great things to pass.

BOOKS MENTIONED

BOURGIN, G. *Französische Revolution.* (Vol. VII of *Weltgeschichte in gemeinverständlicher Darstellung:* Ludo Moritz Hartmann, Ed.) Stuttgart and Gotha: Friedrich Andreas Perthes, Publisher.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STEEL

THE DIARY OF A FURNACE WORKER

By Charles Rumford Walker

✤

"Sparklingly interesting and at the same time unexaggerated and truthful in every detail."—A Well-Known Steel Manufacturer.

"Intensely stimulating."—Eugene O'Neill.

STEEL is the basic American industry. It contains the most powerful financial and business combination in the world. Over half a million men are at work in America making steel. It is the most important single factor in the business barometer. It is nearly the most important factor in the labor barometer. How do men live and work who perform the work of steel for America? Read "Steel."

On his return from service overseas, Mr. Walker went to work on the "open hearth furnace," to learn the steel business. He worked on the "clean-up gang" in the "pit," as third helper on the open-hearth, in the cast house, on the stove gang and as hot-blast man on the blast furnace.

The book is simply the record of a man's life which attempts to prove no thesis, and advance no kind of "ism." It may be read as an intensely human story of a young man's experience among the rough and tumble laboring jobs at the bottom of a steel mill — as a story of "men and things." But the background is an accurate picture of the actual working conditions which Americans and Hunkies alike share in America's greatest industry.

Publication Date October 1

$1.75

At All Booksellers, or

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS, BOSTON

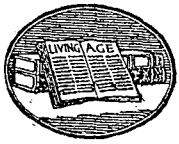
THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS, INC.
8 Arlington Street, Boston (17), Mass.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find.....and mail, postpaid, **STEEL**

Name..... *City*.....

Street..... *State*..... L.A. 8-26-22

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE LIVING AGE

for NEXT WEEK

WILL CONTAIN AMONG OTHER THINGS

THE NOBEL PRIZE AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS
Hjalmar Branting, Prime Minister of Sweden

WHERE ENGLAND STANDS AT PRESENT — *Élie Halévy*
A Study of a Transforming Society

COLORED SOLDIERS — *Pierre Khorat*

REMEETING SHAW: A GERMAN'S IMPRESSION — *Alfred Kerr*

REWARDS OF GENIUS THROUGH THE CENTURIES
Giovanni Marcellino

CHURCH REVOLUTION IN SOVIET RUSSIA — *Ivan Tregubov*

THE HARPSICHORD — *Nellie Chaplin*

WAGNER AND THE AUSTRIAN POLICE
From the Hapsburg Secret Service Archives

SWINBURNE AND CONTEMPORARY ENGLAND — *Paul de Reul*

A PROPHET OF CATASTROPHE — *Hermann Hesse*

THE RELIGION OF MY BOYHOOD. *A Story* — *Milan Ogrizović*

If you are not a subscriber, and would like to receive the magazine regularly, fill out the coupon below

---

THE LIVING AGE
Rumford Building, Concord, N.H., or
8 Arlington Street, Boston (17), Mass.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find $5.00 for my subscription to the LIVING AGE for one year beginning.....

Name.....

Address..... *City*.....

8–26–22

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED